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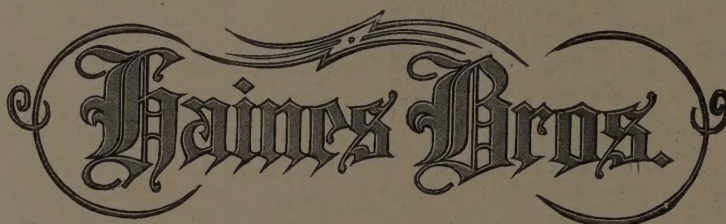
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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLow

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MAUDE ADAMS AS ROSALIND

On June 6 last Miss Adams appeared as Shakespeare's heroine in a spectacular open-air production of "As You Like It" in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, Cal. The performance was witnessed by over 8,000 persons



AT THE PLAYHOUSE



THE test to which the New Theatre was subjected in its first season was undoubtedly the feature of the past theatrical year. In another part of this issue appears a careful estimate of the work actually done. The very intent to "elevate" the drama was open to derisive speculation as to its feasibility. If discouraging suggestions had influenced the management, and if the dreary result of the first one or two ventures had been accepted as final, or if a resourceful energy had declined, and if steadiness of purpose had been abandoned, failure would have ensued, and that, it is now recognized, would have been a calamity to the interests of the stage. The first season being regarded as experimental, the net results, discounting the failures, may be accepted as decisively favorable. Should the management remain open to the truth and be guided by experience, it will avoid dangerous tendencies and influences. A level balance cannot be maintained in artistic affairs if personal influences enter into the equation. We do not think we are unfair when we say that the Harvard influence has been too strong. There is no other explanation of the production of such unnecessary plays as "The Witch," "Liz, the Mother," etc., etc. Nor should the New Theatre be made an instrument for the propagation of detestable political or economic doctrines. It hardly seems possible that the millionaires who furnish the money for this experiment have surrendered their intelligence to the management, and it is to be hoped that no such mistakes will again occur.

Another weakness has been the disposition to give credence to the reports of foreign success, and to accord obeisance to names of supposed authority among foreign dramatists. A Norwegian submits proofs that his drama, "A Son of the People," was enormously successful abroad. A son of the people turns out to be an emotional person who is willing to sacrifice his life if he be permitted to take the place of the bridegroom overnight, and be shot the next morning by his revolutionary comrades. Surely

this is not the kind of a play for millionaires! This theatre is for the education of the masses, is it not? Or is it? "The Witch," by a Belgian author, was little or no better. A young woman, married to an old man, accepts as fate the accusation that she is a witch convinces herself that she is a hereditary witch, born evil, and, by auto-suggestion, turns her energy to luring her husband's son to her arms. These two plays were picturesque and tempted the stage management. The stage management of the New Theatre

proved in itself immensely capable, but a restraining hand should be had against managerial fallacies of judgment.

No stage management can be so fine as to cure the offensive. Galsworthy's "Strife," while among the more successful offerings, was a heavy burden for its audiences. It was unconventional in proving nothing, and it was heavy with the conventional mob scenes. The stage management in every play produced was exceptionally good, for unusual resources were at hand, but too much reliance has been placed on this department of production.

With the right material, the stage management was more consistently efficient than any other theatre in New York has had the opportunity to prove with an equal number of productions following in such rapid succession. In this way it has never been surpassed here. "The Winter's Tale" was put on with every refinement of skill in every detail of its production. "Sister Beatrice" could not be put forward with more poetic beauty and reverence for truth. "The School for Scandal" was produced in a manner that we must regard as simply the promise of what will be made of the play after a while.

At other houses (not lucky enough to enjoy the backing of millionaires) the failures were many and the successes of a high order few, the one play of supreme excellence, unconventional and wholesome, being Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," brought to us by Forbes Robertson. "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie"



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MAUDE ADAMS AS ROSALIND

was pretentiously psychological and sociological, but a forced product of stagecraft and acting. "The Faith Healer" was a rhapsodical mixture of mysticism and banality. Among the dramatists of distinction whose work approached the individual standard was Augustus Thomas, whose play, "The Harvest Moon," was filled with his characteristics of eloquence and individualization, although the story of the play was subordinated to these qualities. "The Melting Pot," by Zangwill, was not accepted at the valuation put upon it by President Roosevelt, for, although entertaining, it did not prove its thesis and was meretricious. "The Fourth Estate" was a popular success, while "A Little Brother of the Rich," by the same authors, was a failure. Conan Doyle failed with "The Fires of Fate" and Sutro with "The Builder of Bridges." Broadhurst's "The Dollar Mark" found no favor. Klein's "The Next of Kin," forceful enough in attaching the evils of certain legal procedure in New York, proved too serious in its nature to entertain. Pinero's "Mid-Channel," tragic in its ending but in the main a satirical comedy depicting the evils of selfish marriage among the idle rich, was equal to his best work. Belasco produced two adaptations differing in character and both notably successful, "Is Matrimony a Failure" and "The Lily." In the last-named play Miss Nance O'Neil reached the highest distinction she has gained in New York. Belasco's latest production, "Just a Wife," fell short of the author's previous work. Two farces, "Seven Days" and "The Lottery Man," require to be noted because of their great success, both original and written by women. "Her Husband's Wife," by a new dramatist, E. A. Thomas, was based on a new idea excellently handled, and confirmed the indications of the growing self-reliance of the American dramatists. It will be noted that there was great variety in the kinds of drama put forward, the romantic being excluded. Otherwise, not even the sentimental and namby-pamby were absent. We had "St. Elmo," "The Call of the Cricket" and "Such a Little Queen." Melodrama of a kind that may be described as emotional and didactic, but still melodrama of the old appeal, was seen in "Madame X." The best of the problem plays was "A Man's World," written by a woman, with a woman as its chief exponent.

We need not particularize the prompt failures and the more or less successful plays made-to-order for the trade. We would hardly class "Alias Jimmy Valentine" among the purely commercial plays, but its merit in the way of wholesome influence is by no means commensurate with its popular success. This very variety in the productions of which we speak demonstrates how open the field now is to dramatists of all kinds, the "unknown" dramatist as well. So great is the demand for plays that managers are beginning to resort to revivals. They will be compelled to do so; and it is a hopeful reaction in the direction of fixity and standards. If the custom be established that every play must be new, the old ones to be completely abandoned and permanence to be granted to no play, not even the new ones after they become old, the dissolution of the dramatic art in America is not far away. These observations are not intended to cover all the activities of the past season. The musical pieces have already lost all individuality except in the matter of details and individual performance, so that nothing worth the while, certainly nothing in the way of progress, concerning them is to be reported.

Mayor Gaynor's action in putting an end to the lascivious gyrations and libidinous smirks of a recent dancing-singing-musical comedy has added to the evergrowing confidence in him as an active, practical reformer, not given to desuetude and mere exhortation. The best proof of the wide existence of evil nowadays is the curious fact that one in authority can become famous by being honest and decent. The machine politician has heretofore had considerable success in heading off reforms of all kinds by speaking contemptuously of the reformer as a grafter or as one who makes a business of morality for political purposes. By



Hall

Vernon Castle

Alice Dovey

Act I— "Isn't it grand on the board walk?"

SCENE IN "THE SUMMER WIDOWERS" AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE

working industriously the machine gains the next election and demonstrates that immorality of all kinds is the normal condition of every self-governing community. Stopping an immoral "show," important as it is, is a trifling incident in the return to sanity and decency. Dramas with a purpose, an immoral purpose, can be left to their inevitable fate. Problems in evil do not pay; they are rejected by common sense and common decency; they confront standards. But there is no standard in riotous sensuality. The extent to which corruption can go with the aid of prostituted arts is appalling to think of. If the intent of a performance is bad, professedly and boldly so in posters, playbills,

winks and bodily contortions, it is simply a matter for the police, and any claim that personal liberty is invaded by the restraining hand of the authorities is nonsense.

CASINO. "THE MIKADO." Comic opera in two acts by Gilbert and Sullivan. Revival May 30 with the following cast:

| | |
|-----------------|----------------------|
| The Mikado..... | William Danforth |
| Nanki-Poo..... | Andrew Mack |
| Pooh-Bah..... | William Pruette |
| Pish-Tush..... | Arthur Cunningham |
| Ko-Ko..... | Jefferson De Angelis |
| Yum-Yum..... | Fritzi Scheff |
| Pitti Sing..... | Christie MacDonald |
| Bo-Peep..... | Christine Nielsen |
| Katisha..... | Josephine Jacoby |

Operettas may come, and go, but only a very few go on forever like this world famous work of Gilbert and Sullivan, probably the best model of light opera bouffe ever written. Since its original production back in the early eighties much has happened to make this piece old fashioned and out of tune with modern conditions. Japan, having slipped off her cloak of barbaric mediævalism, has stepped to the front to take place among the world's great powers so that to-day we laugh with the Mikado, not at him. On the other hand, public taste in matters theatrical has sadly degenerated. The love for the beautiful and the classic has given place to an unhealthy craving for the vulgar, the commonplace and the inane. Dainty operetta has disappeared and the Unspeakable Thing called "musical comedy" has usurped its place. Yet "The Mikado" had too much vitality to perish entirely. Even the blasé Broadway bouncer is willing to listen once more to its melodious music, enjoy its rich humor and picturesque stage settings. The present revival of "The Mikado" is by no means the best made in recent years of this tuneful and delightful work, but coming as it does at the height of the "silly season" with a remarkable cast, including Fritzi Scheff as Yum Yum, Christie MacDonald as Pitti-Sing, Josephine Jacoby as Katisha, William Pruette as Pooh-Bah, Jefferson de Angelis as Ko-Ko, Andrew Mack as Nanki-Poo and William Danforth as the Mikado, is it a wonder that the Casino is crowded to the doors every night?

BROADWAY. "THE SUMMER WIDOWERS." Musical panorama in seven views. Words by Glen MacDonald. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced June 4 with this cast:

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Otto Ott..... | Lew Fields |
| Max Ott..... | Walter Percival |
| Wm. A. H. George..... | Willis P. Sweatnam |
| Salve di Mora..... | Charles Judels |
| Guy Stringer..... | Fritz Williams |
| Hunter Lamb..... | Jack Henderson |
| Conwell Swift..... | Paul Nicholson |
| Captain Kodak..... | William Burriss |
| Pinkie Doolittle..... | Will Arrick |
| Sand Beach..... | Eugene O'Rourke |

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| Tom Noyes..... | Burt Green |
| Oxford Tighe..... | Vernon Castle |
| Sammy Square..... | Maitland Davies |
| Claribel Clews..... | Irene Franklin |
| Mrs. Guinivere McGuirk..... | Ada Lewis |
| Celia Carew..... | Alice Dovey |
| Fritzi Fluff..... | Maud Lambert |
| Virginia Ham..... | Angie Norton |
| Psyche Finnegan..... | Helen Hayes |
| Mrs. Conwell Swift..... | Jane Grover |

We accept a musical comedy of the day as something that seems

to be indispensable to the existence of multitudes of people, especially in Summer. Here is something that has to be taken hot, like a tomale. Here is something that must be consumed on the spot before it effervesces. The marvel of it is that this Nothing can seem Something even for a minute. Any real sentiment in it would destroy the flavor. Homely virtues are not for it. If

Cupid has a hand in it his appropriate dress should be scarlet. Its luxury of libidinousness is the pervasive thing, lurking in the wings, making eruptions on the stage, only to depart and come again. How pleased with it would have been the people of Sodom; how it would have been welcomed in Gomorrah! We are not venturing to reprove it. We consent to its blandishments. We see in it child's play, harmless in itself perhaps and certainly not harmful to the judicious. Lew Fields, let us say, is standing in the middle of the stage. What ensues is as if a little game had been pre-arranged: "You will come in from the wings single file, man and girl, and as each girl reaches you she'll whisper in your ear and pass along to one side; and as each man passes you he'll say some inaudible something and pass along; and the last girl will kiss you and will kick out blithely with her foot; you accept this with a look on your face of blissful contentment and confident perplexity." These, we should judge, are something like the final instructions given by the perspiring stage manager to the long suffering members of the thirst parched chorus, and forthwith everything proceeds merrily along these academic lines.

"The Summer Widowers" is an old friend under a new name, and may be classed with "The Jolly Bachelors," "The Midnight Sons" and similar pieces which have won the instant favor of Broadway. Mainly a vaudeville entertainment threaded together with an apology for a plot, it still has a number of elaborate effects not

possible of realization on the vaudeville stage. Mr. Fields himself appears as a German Hebrew, and we find him in the first act in a delicatessen shop slicing a petrified cheese, the pieces walking away from him on the counter. There is an amusing travesty on flat life in New York, and a number of other scenes which keep the audience amused. Maud Lambert, Ada Lewis, Walter Percival, Fritz Williams and other well-known local favorites give the star excellent support.

NEW YORK. "THE MERRY WHIRL." Musical entertainment in two parts. Music by Leo Edwards. Book by Don Roth. Produced May 30 with this cast:

(Continued on page viii)



Lizzie Caswall Smith, London

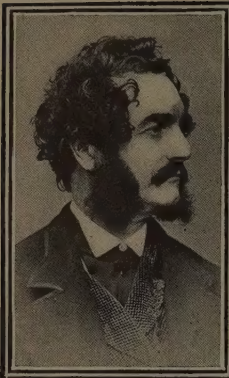
CISSIE LOFTUS

Now appearing at the London Coliseum in her imitations. She is shown here singing as Harry Lauder



Strauss-Peyton, Kansas City

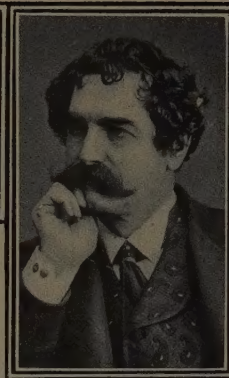
MAXINE ELLIOTT'S MOST RECENT PORTRAIT



LESTER WALLACK AT 38

Memories of Lester Wallack

By HIS SON



LESTER WALLACK AT 48

SELDOM is a man wholly a hero to his son. A comrade he may be, a friend, a guide, but because their intimacy is so close he is rarely a creature of splendid perfection to his offspring. In the few cases in which he is such, he is a most unusual man, one who can afford the closest character scrutiny. Such a man my father seemed to me.

While he was alive my love for him might have blinded me to his faults, yet as I write this twenty-two years have added their perspective, and I see him as I saw him then, a man deserving in every respect that crowning adjective, manly.

Withal he was of a womanly kindliness. "Be gentle," he said to his children. Gentleness was his rule in dealing with persons, especially with those of inferior station. "To be gentle," he often said, "is to be a gentleman."

He had a profound respect for women that amounted to reverence. One of my earliest recollections is of his making me take off my hat to a maid servant whom we met on Broadway.

"She is a woman, and for that reason entitled to politeness in all circumstances," he said. "Always be courteous to women. They bring us into the world, and for that fact every one of them merits our kindness at all times."

I recall a chiding I received from him, gently given as his chidings always were. He always dined early when he was acting. His dinner was served at half-past four or five o'clock. Afterwards he always went upstairs for a rest, usually for a before-the-play nap, so it happened that when he came downstairs to start to the theatre we were seated at the table at the family seven o'clock dinner. Once he saw me at this evening meal in my street clothes. The next morning he said: "Arthur, if your mother pays you the compliment of dressing for dinner, you should return it."

Our summer home, and his favorite up to the time of his death, was Elmsmere (named because of its being surrounded by elms and facing the sea), an estate with three-quarters of a mile water front, opposite Stamford. His room, a blue one, happened to be one of the smallest, but he chose it because the window opened upon a balcony where stood a telescope that swept the Sound, and even the people walking along the shore. Father found a boyish delight in looking through this telescope, and because of it he kept the little room until he died.

Like a true Englishman, he was fond of out of doors. Though he took up yachting, not knowing how to sail his own boat, he enjoyed many a cruise on the boat that he named the *Columbia*. Sometimes he cruised about on her for two or three weeks along the New England coast. Golf was not popular then, but he played with his three sons at fives, a difficult game that required

skill and strength, and he kept this up until his death, when he was sixty-eight.

He was fond of reading, but he restricted his reading for the most part to his two favorite authors, Dickens and Thackeray.

"It doesn't matter where I open a book of either of them, I find something I need," he used to say.

He was a clubman, but not an immoderate one. He belonged once to fourteen clubs, I remember, among them the Boston and Brooklyn Clubs and the Union Club of New York. He enjoyed his club-life, but was not an inveterate clubman. He was the second president of the Lambs, and one of my most vivid recollections of him was a characteristic incident. He was presiding, and he saw some of the members smoking cigarettes during the meal. He rose and said: "Gentlemen, while I have no personal objections to smoking during a meal, there are those to whom it is unpleasant. Suppose that for their sakes we refrain from smoking until after dinner?"

Every cigarette disappeared, and not one was seen again until the last course had been served. This was one of the instances showing Lester Wallack's gentle method of dealing with a situation. It proved also the profound respect everyone felt for him.

He was a most beloved man, and I understand now that he had friends because he was himself friendly. He won friends quickly by that outflowing of friendly spirit that those who met him most casually always felt. While I was his "man in front of the house," a young Englishman came to his office to see him. He had only met father two or three times, and he had no reason for coming to tell him his troubles, except that steady stream of friendliness that father always poured forth invited such confidence. The young man told me that he had come to this country to seek his fortune, and that he had lost the money his family had given him when he started gambling. He was ashamed of himself and truly repentant it seemed, and my father laid his hand on his shoulder. "My boy," he said, "while I am a stranger to you, one of my own boys may be in the same sort of trouble some day, so I will help you." He gave him a check for five hundred dollars, and the young man went West and engaged in the timber business and did very well when last we heard.

He was always a boy among boys, a kind of elder brother with his chil-

dren. He used to walk about the grounds of Elmsmere with me, his eldest child, and so perhaps the closest to him, with his arm about my shoulder, and it was always "Old man" from him, and "Dad" from me. It was always so at his house from first to last.

One of his little habits was to take a weak glass of whiskey or gin before going to bed, and as he and I sat before the fire chatting about the day's affairs he used to say: "Arthur, my boy,



Sarony

LESTER WALLACK AS CHARLES MARLOW

jump up like the young antelope you are, and get your dad his good-night grog."

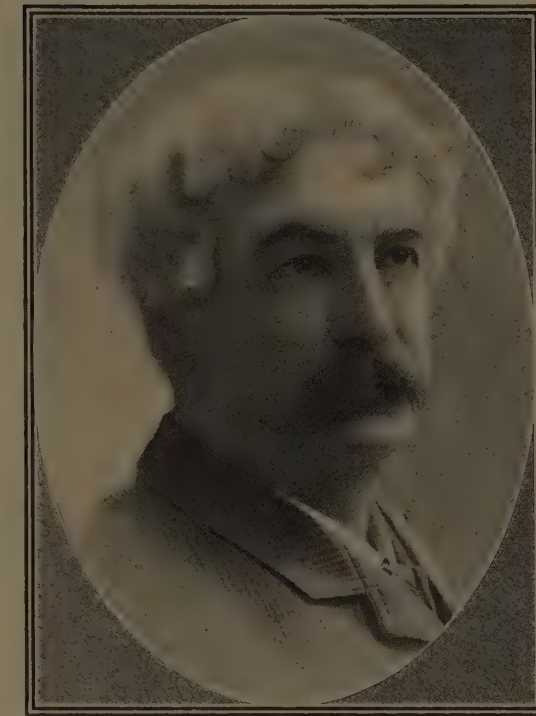
Ambitious for his children, his ambitions led away from the stage for them. When I was sixteen and wanted to go on the stage, he said: "No, my boy, no. There have been enough Wallacks on the stage. There must not be too many Wallacks in the theatres. Go into the army."

He sent me to England and sent me on a tour of the world, but an accident to my foot prevented my entering the army. When I returned at twenty-two, and he saw I was still determined, he put me in the front of the house at Wallack's Theatre. There I remained until his death.

It happened that all of my father's children were fairly good looking. Mother was a beautiful woman, the only sister of Sir John Millais, by the way. And with such parents to resemble, it would have been a freak of nature had they been frights. Father used to pat the heads of the three younger ones, my brothers, Harold and Charles, and my sister, and would say: "You're good looking enough. If you're as gifted with brains as with looks, you'll weather through."

I fancy that, being a man, father enjoyed mildly the admiration women had for him, especially in his youth and prime, and that continued up to his playing in "Rosedale," which he wrote. All men appreciate the admiration of women, and their admiration for him was inordinate. But he never gave a sign of it. Mother said that when she was first married she was quite ready to be jealous, but when she saw in what matter-of-fact spirit he received all the feminine admiration—as an almost indispensable matter of business—and especially when he always returned foolish gifts if there was anything to show where they came from, and brought them home and tossed them in her lap with: "Here, Emily, something for you," if they didn't, she, too, took it sensibly.

Lester Wallack's family life was ideal; his devotion to his wife beautiful. Theirs had been a love and runaway match. His admiration for her was as great at the end as at the beginning of their family life together. His will was proof of this. He left everything to my mother to be disbursed to her children as she thought best. He created in his company the same spirit. In the



Falk

LESTER WALLACK IN HIS FINAL YEARS

Wallack company for eighteen years there was never a divorce. I like Irving better in it." Mr. Irving came back into the box to visit father between acts. He had a tremendous admiration for Bernhardt, comparing her with Rachel and saying she had a power as great as Rachel's.

He and I went to the Bowery Theatre to see the great German actor, Ludwig Barnay, who played tragedy, comedy and farce, one as well as the other, and it was quite comprehensible to us, though he spoke not a word of English and we knew no German. He came to Elmsmere and there was an exchange of admiration.

At Elmsmere father entertained Dion Boucicault and E. A. Sothern, John Brougham and Harry Montagu, the greatest of matinée idols, whom father loved as a son, and who was a member of his company as was Charles Mathews. I afterwards took him out on two starring tours. I recall a few other actors who visited him. He had friends in all the professions, and delighted in hearing his lawyer, doctor, and even preacher friends, talk "shop." The actors' "shop" he, of course, wearied of.

That he was a prophet of futures and people this recollection of mine proves. There came to our office at Wallack's Theatre in San Francisco a play called "La Belle Russe," by an unknown author in San Francisco. I put it in my pocket and read it on the train going to Stamford. I had finished it when the train arrived, and I got off that train only to take another back to town and draft a contract with the agent representing the author. When I had made my second trip to Stamford that evening my father was waiting anxiously for me.

"What made you late, old man?" he asked.

"I have found a good play," I said, "and I went back to town to arrange for the rights to it."

He read "La Belle Russe" that night and agreed with me. We

"Rosedale" the best he ever did, though it was probably the most popular. He was superb in "Our Awful Dad." Charles Mathews had written the play for himself, but he gave it to father and came to see him in it. He went away and wrote, "Not for me. Not after seeing you in it. I'll have to find another man's play for myself." He liked Shakespeare, but only played twice in Shakespearian plays that I remember, once as Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing," but he was much interested in "Othello," for he wanted to play Iago. He said to me: "Iago should be represented as an irresistible villain. He should be handsome and gay and likeable, so that it would seem reasonable that people should believe him. And subtle, too. He should not be obviously the villain."

He had a great admiration for Henry Irving. He took me with him to see Irving at the Star Theatre. He played Louis XI. Father said to me: "I saw Charles Kean play Louis, and it was one of his greatest rôles, but



WALLACKS—FATHER, SON, GRANDSON



LESTER WALLACK AT HIS PRIME

produced the play. Eventually the author, David Belasco, came East to produce his "May Blossom." He came to Wallack's and asked permission to watch my father direct a rehearsal. Father was willing, and the young man sat in the wings and never spoke or stirred or seemed to breathe. Father met and admired him. He said: "That young man is terribly in earnest and will get on. Such earnestness always wins. He is a genius. You can see it in his eyes and in the shape of his head."

His last years were saddened, for things weren't going very well with him. He was no business man, and business methods vexed him. He felt inadequate to them, as perhaps he was. He caught cold going to the theatre, and neglected to take care of himself, and sciatica seized him. But he grew better, and the troubles seemed to lift.

Meanwhile a great testimonial with a remarkable cast was tendered him. The play was "Hamlet." Edwin Booth played Hamlet and Mme. Modjeska was Ophelia. Joseph Jefferson played one grave digger and Billy Florence the other, while Laurence Barrett played the ghost.

Lester Wallack came limping out in response to cries for a speech, for a moment overcome by the heartiness of the great demonstration.

He having retired to rest for a year, Theodore Moss took the management. The season was not prosperous, and father was sent for to conduct rehearsals. He was conducting a rehearsal on March 12, 1888, the day of the great blizzard. We left the town house, 13 West 30th Street, where a store now stands, and came to Elmsmere shortly afterwards, and father made trips now and then to town on business.

One day in mid-August he came home looking white and weary. As I met him, and led him to the carriage, he said: "Arthur, my boy, I've made my last trip to town."

I tried to reassure him, but he shook his head. He never talked of business in the family. We thought he was depressed, but we didn't know what it was about. He had met some reverse, some bitter disappointment. He seemed to fail after that. On the night before September 6, 1888, I heard him stirring restlessly in the little blue room.

"Can I do anything for you, Dad?" I asked.

"No, my boy," he answered. "Go to sleep!"

The next morning I went to his room early. He looked ill but he said "Good morning" pleasantly and looked at Mousie, one of his pets. He had always been fond of dogs, but in his earlier

years he had liked large ones. As he grew older he had a fancy for the little ones. Mousie was a toy dog and slept at the foot of his bed.

"Better take her downstairs," he said.

"All right, father," I answered. "And I think I'll catch some tom-cod for your breakfast."

"Thank you," he said, "I'd like to have them."

He picked up the morning paper and tried to find the editorial page, which he always read first. He couldn't find it, although as the paper was spread upon the bed, the page lay before him. "They print the papers so badly now, one can't find anything," he said, and I knew the trouble was not with the paper, but with his dimming sight.

Before I had gotten downstairs, I was called back. His words about the paper were his last. He had had no time to say "Good-bye" to the rest of the family that stood about his bed.

That New York loved him we knew when the family arriving with the remains from Elmsmere in Forty-second Street saw a line of people extending down Madison Avenue to Twenty-ninth Street. Some of them stood upon the housetops. The police couldn't handle the crowd, and had to call out a hundred extra men.

The funeral service was held in the Little Church Around the Corner, which we had attended before it was known as "The Little Church." The people wanted to look at him and, as it was one of the rules of the church that a casket should not be uncovered within its walls, it was removed outside and stood in the yard.

We took his body to Greenwood. Afterwards I

learned what I hadn't known, that there was room left in the family vault at Woodlawn. I had the remains removed to the plot, and he lies there beside his father beneath the headstone erected by "the elder Wallack." One year ago we laid my mother beside him. Harry Montagu lies near him in the family plot, as my father would have wished. The inscription on the big granite block at his head is "John Lester Wallack," with the date of his birth and his death.

ARTHUR WALLACK.

Schiller and Shakespeare stand first in the list of classic dramatists whose plays were acted last season in Germany. The English dramatist was represented by 1,141 performances, Schiller had 1,632; Ibsen had 820; Blumenthal, with his various collaborators, 1,149; Sudermann, 1,037; and Hauptmann, 600.



Marceau, Boston

MISS JESKA SWARTZ

Talented young mezzo-soprano recently heard as Siebel in "Faust" with the Boston Opera Company. Next season she will be heard in "Madama Butterfly," "Lakme" and "Carmen"



Blewett, Oakland

TIRESIAS PRONOUNCING THE CURSE UPON OEDIPUS

"Oedipus, King," Acted in California's Open-Air Theatre

"OEDIPUS, KING," considered by many critics the master-work of Sophocles, the greatest dramatist of ancient Greece, was produced in classical manner on May 14 last at the open-air Greek Theatre of the University of California, the players being students and members of the faculty.

"The setting," says the San Francisco *Examiner*, "was true to the time of Sophocles, the costumes were historically correct, and only the original language of the tragedy was needed to make the production what it might have been more than 2,000 years ago. An English translation, that of Thomas Francklin, dramatist and Greek professor at Cambridge 150 years ago, was used in order that the play might be intelligible to a general audience.

"Charles D. von Neumayer was the dramatic director, and Professor James Turney Allen, who played the part of Oedipus,

had charge of the costuming and was in general supervision of the tragedy.

"Paul Steindorff directed the orchestra of forty pieces and a chorus of men in the difficult music composed by John Knowles

Paine, formerly professor of music in Harvard, and who wrote the *Centennial Hymn* for the exposition at Philadelphia in 1876, and the march and hymn for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Notwithstanding the difficulty arising from the action of the sun's hot rays on the stringed instruments, the orchestra gave an ideal rendering of the music, and the carefully

trained chorus was splendidly effective, adding greatly to the impressive dignity of the production." The cast:

Oedipus, King of Thebes, Professor James Turney Allen; Priest of Zeus, Howard H. Krueger; Creon, brother of the Queen, George Manship; Tiresias, the Seer, Harold H. Ashley; Jocasta, Queen of Thebes, Leigh Stafford; Shepherd from Corinth, Clifford W. Jones; Shepherd of Latus, Lyman Grimes; Servant of Oedipus, Carl A. Phleger; Leader of the Chorus, Professor Ivan M. Linforth.



OEDIPUS AND CREON



THE SHEPHERD AND OEDIPUS



JOCASTA AND OEDIPUS



Champlain & Farrar

Beatrice Moreland

Amy Ames

Madge Richardson

SCENE IN ACT III OF "A CERTAIN PARTY," RECENTLY AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE, CHICAGO

Mabel Hite Pleases Chicago in a Clever Farce

"A CERTAIN PARTY," a farce in three acts by Edward W. Townsend and Frank Ward O'Malley, opened April 10 at the Garrick Theatre, and continued its run on May 8 at the Princess Theatre. The piece is a mixture of high life below stairs, and ward politics as a common meeting ground for all classes. It has proven to be an adequate starring vehicle for the eccentric comedienne, Mabel Hite, who some time ago succeeded in establishing herself as a prime favorite with the Chicago public. The playwrights have built a part eminently suited to the low comedy method of this entertaining young player, who won her first laurels in musical comedy. A group of sharply drawn eccentric characters in a succession of amusing scenes afford unmistakably good entertainment.

The action takes place in the library, kitchen and living room of the home of one Homer Caldwell, and the plot unfolds the romance of Nora, a pert young lady's maid employed in the household. Caldwell is a candidate for Assembly on the Progressive Party ticket in the city of New York. He is a sworn foe of gambling, but his young son, George Caldwell, in a moment

of youthful indiscretion, pays a gambling debt to a notorious gambler named Finch with a check signed by his own father. Caldwell, Sr., is fighting to drive Finch and his dive out of the district, and the gambler means to retaliate by turning over Caldwell's check to the press, knowing that such an exposure will defeat him. Out of gratitude for a service which young Caldwell had rendered her own brother, Nora makes up her mind to secure that check and save the day. Her sweetheart is a sergeant of police, who is about to lead a raid on Finch's establishment. She succeeds by a clever ruse in interesting Fogarty, a politician who owns the district in Caldwell's candidacy, and Fogarty contrives to have the raid pulled off at once. Sergeant Barrett raids the joint, secures the check; Nora contrives to extract it from his pocketbook, burns it, and though her policeman sweetheart discovers the trick she has played on him, she wins out, is received as a guest, instead of a servant, at a Caldwell dinner party, and, having secured a captaincy for her fly cop through the king of the district, Fogarty, the piece ends with a wedding march.

L. F. P.



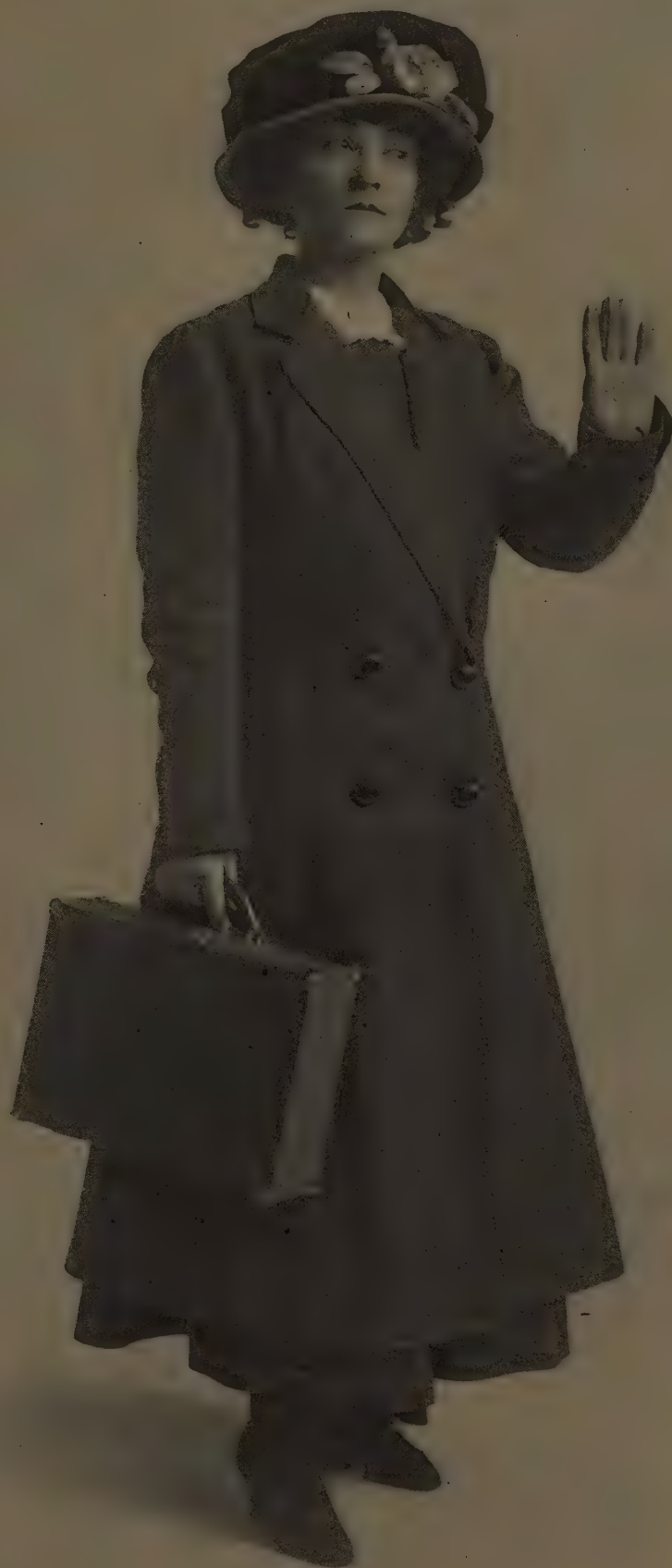
Champlain & Farrar

John T. Kelly

Dudley Hawley

Mabel Hite

ACT, II OF "A CERTAIN PARTY," RECENTLY SEEN AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE, CHICAGO



MABEL HITE AS NORA IN "A CERTAIN PARTY," RECENTLY SEEN IN CHICAGO

More Secrets of the Dramatist's Workshop

The secrets of the dramatist's workshop seldom reach the public ear, yet some of them would make highly interesting reading. The road which a play travels, from the time the manuscript is first typed to the moment when the curtain rises on the première, is a troubled one, with both comedy and tragedy, disappointments, vexations, and totally unlooked for changes plentifully sprinkled along the thorny way. During the preliminary negotiations between playwright and manager, it frequently happens that the complications are more numerous, and the situations more harrowing and tense, than any to be found in the play itself. Under the above heading will be told from time to time piquant anecdotes, giving some idea of the tribulations which plays undergo before they finally reach the footlights.

A MONTH or so ago, a howl went up because, after producing his journalistic drama, "The Fourth Estate," with a suicide as its conclusion, the author reconsidered and changed to a "happy ending." Such vacillation hurt the artistic sensibilities of many self-elected critics, though most of them became less disdainful when reminded that Pinero similarly submitted to popular demand. That was in the case of "The Profligate." "Popular demand" was crystallized in the person of John Hare. As dramatic connoisseur he applauded a play being carried to its logical conclusion; but as manager of a new theatre he had to face the fact that the public did not come in numbers. So he persuaded Pinero to add twenty lines to the drama, making the formerly unrelenting wife arrive just as the profligate husband was about to swallow poison, and thereupon forgive him.

It is not generally known that "The Belle of New York," racy of Casino extravaganzas, was written for the circumspect stage of the late Augustin Daly's theatre. It was called "The Belle of Narragansett," and all of its scenes were placed at that resort.

When, at the last moment, Mr. Daly reconsidered, and the author placed his libretto with the Casino management, he transferred his seaside cottage scene to a house on Riverside Drive, New York, and changed that of the candy shop to the same famous firm's place on Broadway. Only the concluding incident, occurring in the grounds of the now demolished Casino at Narragansett was left undisturbed, the librettist finding an excuse—or inventing one—for carrying his characters there.

Pinero, Bernard Shaw and Henry Arthur Jones have, at least once each, taken the public into their confidence by publishing plays written in a way not intended for the stage. In Shaw no eccentricity is surprising—though it is to be observed that later he produced the lengthy third act of "Man and Superman" as a wholly separate one-act play, under the title of "Don Juan in Hell." But Pinero and Jones are eminently and above all practical dramatists. Indeed, Pinero is so insistent that his dramas shall be followed, in performance, to the very letter, that he allowed an actress of attainments far inferior to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's to introduce his great "Iris" to America, because the latter wanted a few lines altered. So it is surprising to find "The Princess and the Butterfly" published at a length of several hundred more words than in the acting version. The author points out the fact, but gives no clue as to just which are the omitted lines. A careful comparison finds the dialogue to be the same in all important colloquies—indeed, as near as I could find, in all scenes that engaged two persons, or three or four. But there are

numerous incidents—a tea, a supper party, a musicale—in which many men and women talk to a degree, which Pinero well knows people might read, but would never listen to. In the Jones instance, "Whitewashing Julia," the part designed to be omitted is an epilogue. The only question is: Why did so skilful a playwright think stay-at-homes so stupid as to need the point of his comedy driven in with hammer blows, if he could trust an audience to catch the sparks at sight? Still, though, is Mr. Jones even a third as clever always as he sometimes is? He wrote three different last acts for "The Masqueraders," and all were tried during the London run.

Good last acts are most difficult to devise. It would be an endless undertaking just to enumerate the several schemes considered for each and every one of quite two-thirds the plays produced in the effort to hit on a conclusion neither too obvious nor too abrupt; too gentle nor too harrowing; too silly nor too sane. Among the inventions of Clyde Fitch was one for "The Girl With the Green Eyes," which he reluctantly abandoned a few days before rehearsals began. Only a few people knew anything of it. And certainly it



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HENRY ARTHUR JONES

The distinguished author of "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "The Hypocrites," etc., at work on the new play which Charles Frohman will produce here next season

was a novel idea. Indeed, it would have brought the final curtain up instead of down. The jealous wife—the late Clara Bloodgood's rôle—despaired of her husband again forgiving her, and decided upon suicide. As acted, you will recollect, she stood on a chair; lighted a burner to test the gas; blew out the flame, and then lay down to die. Hardly an audience failed to titter at the spectacle: it was the only point in the play that went utterly awry. But how would the author's original device have struck them? In that ending the young wife proceeded in the same manner up to her determination to end her life. But then she put her faith in charcoal. She placed several pans of it about her—more or less, be it noted, in a line with the footlights. She ignited the charcoal. The fumes began to rise. Presently they became thicker and thicker, more and more enveloping. Finally the dying woman and her surroundings were totally obscured by an impenetrable haze. And this haze was, indeed, the final curtain to the play. The last of Clyde Fitch's plays, "The City," bears witness to another authorial change of mind. Mr. Fitch started out to make the most virile and most tragic of his plays a light comedy. Of course, the plot was very different then. But the general outline of the first act was the same, and many of the original lines have been retained. In the girl who would "rather smell gasoline on Fifth Avenue" than the new-mown hay at home, and the objecting father, who wants to know whether it isn't "better to be *it* in Middleboro than *nit* in New York," the beginnings of a typically Fitchian comedy are still evident.



FRITZI SCHEFF AS YUM-YUM IN THE REVIVAL OF "THE MIKADO" AT THE CASINO

A change from the gay to the grave is not infrequent. David Belasco started "The Heart of Maryland" as a war-time comedy. And, as such, he carried the play almost to completion. Rather, I should say, Mr. Belasco went so far with a Maryland romance for Mrs. Carter; because obviously, in its final evolution, the drama was a very different story.

When "Trilby" was prepared for the stage many managerial heads shook in wise doubt as to the likelihood of an audience taking hypnotism seriously. So Wilton Lackaye, the original Svengali, was warned to watch for the first derisive laughter from the auditors, and to immediately turn his performance into subtle burlesque.

The question of just how quickly an audience will grasp a suggestion in a play often is the reason for alterations at rehearsals. In "Mrs. Dane's Defense," as Henry Arthur Jones wrote it, the lawyer suspected Mrs. Dane from the very first. Charles Wyndham pointed out how greatly this interfered with development, and with keeping doubt and curiosity alive; and, above all, how it detracted from the growing tensely and wonderment in the great third act. Mr. Jones appreciated Wyndham's criticism and followed it; the result is famous.

Wyndham is a skilful critic. An actor-manager, to be worthy of the title, should be. He produced "The Mollusc." Everyone enjoys that comedy for its wit and rarely well-observed characterization. But to the specialist it is additionally a gem, because of the author's deft technique, as well as daring, in employing only four characters. All very well. But the fact is Mr. Davis wrote it with exactly twice that number. When Wyndham came to put the comedy into rehearsal he felt only the central four to be necessary; that, indeed, the others were not only superfluous but rather vulgarizing.

There are two important things the working dramatist attends to before he writes even the scenario of his new play. One is to compose his speech of gratitude, which he confidently expects to deliver before the curtain at the end of his third act, and the other is to calculate how much he is going to make out of his masterpiece. The latter obsession especially accounts for there being so much commercialism in the theatre and so little art. For it must be remembered the dramatist is the creator of original sin in the drama, as it is he who writes all of the hopeless plays, the manager after all being only an accessory after the fact. Contracts with managers vary according to the status of the dramatist and how eager the manager may be for the play. As a rule the manager is inclined to be liberal in his terms. One or two have a constitutional objection to paying royalty, and one pays his royalties due to dramatists in notes, and frequently fails to meet these when due, although eventually he pays them. Charles Frohman

is liberal to a fault and never haggles about terms. The American dramatist owes this manager an everlasting debt of gratitude, as it is due to him that royalties are such as they are. As a general rule to all contracts, there is a minimum royalty of five per cent. on \$4,000 and under, seven and one-half per cent. on the next \$2,000 and ten per cent. upon all over \$6,000. Upon a gross weekly receipt of \$6,000 with such terms, the author's royalty would be \$350. On \$8,000 it would be \$550.

A curious condition is that Charles Frohman always succeeds in picking Augustus Thomas' failures. He turned down "Arizona" and produced "Colorado." When "The Witching Hour" was brought to him he is reported to have said: "Take it to the Shuberts." Thomas did so, and the play was an enormous hit. But Mr. Frohman succeeded in producing "The Ranger" the very same season for Mr. Farnum, and that play went to the storehouse after costing Mr. Frohman nearly \$30,000. Mr. Thomas' next play was "The Harvest Moon," also a failure, and Mr. Frohman also got that. Mr. Thomas was a full partner on the profits of "The Witching Hour," and as his contract with Mr. Frohman is said to be the same as with the Messrs. Shubert, it must be assumed that there are losses on "The Harvest Moon." Of course, sharing profits on the winners is very lucrative, but a royalty for both winners and losers is in the end a surer winning game.

Sometimes it happens that authors, not content with receiving royalties, thirst for some of the managerial profits made out of a play. Mr. Broadhurst produced in Los Angeles about a year ago a play called "The Dollar Mark," which was seen later at Wal-lack's. The financial ups and downs of this play are far more amusing and instructive than anything Mr. Broadhurst



White

LOUISE GALLOWAY

Who has been appearing as Mrs. Wright in "The Lottery Man," comedy by Rida Johnson Young, recently seen at the Bijou Theatre

worked into his play. The original producing managers were Messrs. Wm. A. Brady and Jos. R. Grismer, and the play had a phenomenal run of six weeks in Los Angeles, breaking all records of the theatre and delighting the press and the multitude. And one would think that its career in New York was assured beyond peradventure. So thought the author. He had a clause in his contract that allowed him to declare himself in as a partner with a full third interest. And when the play made its huge Coast success, declare he did. So would anyone else. Arrangements were perfected to bring the play East. At this point Mr. Brady had the luminous thought of getting a fourth partner, and sold a share of interest to Mr. Frank McKee. This was too much for Mr. Grismer, a very shrewd, cool and level-headed operator, and forthwith he sold his interest back to Mr. Brady. Not that he had lost faith in the fate of the play at its New York production, but it was a case with him of "too many cooks spoiling the



CHRISTIE MACDONALD, FRITZI SCHEFF AND CHRISTINE NIELSEN, AS THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS, IN "THE MIKADO" AT THE CASINO

broth." When Messrs. Brady, Broadhurst and McKee read the New York critics' opinion of their property and scanned the box office receipts for the first two weeks, they wondered. The fate of the play exemplified afresh that a big out-of-town success is no criterion as to the result on Broadway.

Some one has said that no manager knows a play from a food tract. Others allege a sheep mind. But hero-worship is their besetting sin. As soon as "The Thief" had won its success, Charles Frohman coralled all of Bernstein's unwritten plays, and the other managers went on a still hunt for what had already been produced. Among these is a play called "Le Bercaill" (The Sheepfold), as lurid and offensive a play as one may imagine, and which had been a failure in Paris. Up to this time Bernstein's name was not known to one American manager in ten. One enterprising firm coralled "Le Bercaill," and because it was by the

author of "Le Voleur," they insisted that it must be a work of genius. What happened? This firm hired an American dramatist to make a free adaptation of "Le Bercaill," and paid down some money, and more when the MS. was completed. When the author appeared ready with his work and asked for the final payment, he was informed there was a "hitch," and that he must "wait." Several calls at the manager's office produced no other tangible result. There are two words in the theatrical vocabulary, "hitch" and "wait." Any dramatist who can overcome these two obstructions can land his play. Ultimately the "hitch" developed into the fact that Mr. Bernstein refused to allow an adaptation by a dramatist unknown to himself, and made it a condition that the English version should be done by a certain British author. Whereupon the manager refused to complete payment on the American-made version, to the great indignation of the American adaptor.



William Pruette

Josephine Jacoby

Jefferson DeAngelis

Christie MacDonald

Christine Nielsen

Arthur Cunningham

SCENE IN ACT I OF THE REVIVAL OF "THE MIKADO" AT THE CASINO THEATRE

How the Players Rest During the Summer Season

THEY are resting, the players, in the manner of their choice. The tastes of individuals vary even as do the individuals themselves, but in one respect they agree. All, tired of the unreality of their work life, lead their play life in an atmosphere of the actual.

A broad-shouldered matinée idol, leaning his left elbow on a balanced rake, and pushing a tattered hat back from his dripping forehead with his bronzed right hand, explained this to me in his own way: "It sounds like a hard experience to drop from the clouds into a new plowed field, but if it does give him a bit of a bump it's good for a fellow. The actor usually lives in the clouds, and a hard tussle with the farm and the soil makes a man of him."

Certainly grubbing on the farm is a counter irritant for the road, and concerning one's self with the problem of why the red hen won't lay generously is better than troubling one's soul about how the newly exalted peroxide star got her backing. A stroll along the seashore widens the vision which has been confined by the walls of a sleeping car, and peering at a summer sky through a lattice of tree boughs is more soul tonic than the glimpse we get from the Broadway canyon.

Robert Edeson, worn by a long tour, had repeated with drooping-corned lips Arnold Daly's dictum: "It's a serious business, this living." But the day after his arrival at Strongheart Villa, his home earned by the play in grateful memory of which he named it, at Sag Harbor on Long Island, he unlocked the door of his cabinet shop at the rear of his home, blew the accumulated dust of a long season off the cabinet maker's tools that are his summer playthings, and smilingly contradicted his statement of the week before: "It's fun to be alive," he said.

That other footlight hero of the matinée girl, Cyril Scott, is a commuter, and proud of it. He believes that no man is entitled to his own self-respect until he lives under his own roof. He scorns subservience to the janitor, and says the underlying principle of the Declaration of Independence is that every man has a right to be his own landlord. Cyril Scott, therefore, is landholder at Bayshore, where he is master of a feudal estate comprising Jersey cows and yellow-legged Brahma chickens, and tumbling dogs that have the brilliant eyes and the gentlemanly instincts of the thoroughbreds.

For neighbor he has Edith Decker, far more suggestive of Northport than "Havana" in her summer housekeeping with "Bully," and "Bully, Jr.," her terrier guardsmen. Miss Decker farms, proudly, candidly, and with hopes of eventual profit.

Lulu Glaser revels in bucolic, widely different from the Broadway, manner in her own newly purchased roof tree, a widely spreading roof tree, at Mt. Vernon, N. Y. So well does she love her own roof that she sleeps on it these starry midsummer nights, and says that she has found that which the dodderer, Ponce de Leon, vainly sought, the fountain of eternal youth. The fountain, she says, is endless, inexhaustible draughts of country air.

Blanche Ring, with her new home, Sunny Gables, at Larchmont, and her yacht, "Yankee Girl," cruising at will from Stamford to Bar Harbor, is like a girl with a black-haired doll and a blonde. She doesn't know which she prefers. She mounts the haymow behind the house and sings last season's song successes, then slips into a white flannel yachting suit with a black rubber jacket and cap for storms, and rehearses to an accompaniment of the sound breezes, her vocal numbers for the nearing season of 1910-1911.

Mabel Barrison, when her season closes, hastens to Waukegan, Mich., where, with her husband, she owns two theatres and a hotel. There they discuss plans for the hotel keeping and the little playhouses next season, having done which Miss Barrison

says: "Now for rest!" and rest means the same thing for her season after season, going back to Canada, the Canada whence she came, and unpack her trunks in a big square room in a big square house, and "forget everything she doesn't want to remember," which is an excellent recipe for summer recreation.

Isabel Irving dashed across the seas to "see plays in Paris." Having sat for six weeks at the feet of Jane Hading and Mmes. Le Bargy and Réjane, she dashed back with a "Ho for Nantucket," and opens the summer home at Siasconset, "The Captain's Cabin," for the home coming of her lord, Wm. H. Thompson.

Francis Wilson has found for himself a new plaything. New playthings, he says, fend off the old age of the soul. This new midsummer toy is a golf links, comprising one hundred and seventy acres of rolling land, which he is having laid out by experts, adjoining his Lake Mahopac estate in New York. He has declared that the nine holes have the names of favorite plays and players. They include Joseph Jefferson and "Erminie."

No actress is a more devoted votary at the shrine of the great out-of-doors than May Irwin. If there is a disengaged week in the winter she spends it on Merritt Island and the vicinity in Florida. Her summers she has enjoyed for eighteen years on Irwin Island in the St. Lawrence River, where she owns, fishes, hunts, cooks, and from June to August asks "What is the stage?"

Julia Dean, having supplemented her season's work with a month or two at stock, runs away from the burning pavements to Siasconset, the famous actors' colony on Nantucket Island. Miss Dean achieved local fame as a wit from her christening of the ante-Revolutionary cabin she took for the end of the season by christening it "Notanybath," a title which caused an English visitor to say: "Notanybath? An Indian name, is it not?"

Viola Allen is in private life Mrs. Peter Duryea, the wife of a noted horseman, though her liking for horses, she says, was not acquired, but a birthright. At any rate, she looks much unlike the sorrowful "White Sister," as she drives behind a splendid pair of bay roadsters, on the wide, tree-lined roads, about the hills of Bernardsville in New Jersey, where she rests in the summer.

Beatrice Prentice, unlike the birds, wings her way South for midsummer rest. In Bermuda there is a lily farm of her possession, and Miss Prentice, in smiling content, wades in the dank lily beds and thinks on the music of the words, "My own."

Nance O'Neil has taken a little house on the Seine, which her friend, "Peggy" (Margaret Bloodgood), and her Japanese maid and dog, assist in making habitable and happy. But often she is not at home: The friend and the maid and the dog have gone with her picnicking to the Forest of Fontainebleau, where she leads the odd little line of march, tapering off with the exclusive Japanese spaniel, among the silver-green tree lanes, where visions of gallant Gauls and their coquettish ladies walk beside them. Only once did Miss O'Neil gird herself for toil in the summer's rest. It was to appear at a benefit in Paris for the dead Coquelin's pet project, the Actors' Home.

Rose Stahl attended with friends a world's congress of railroad men at Berne, to "see how the other fellow plays," arriving there after a Mediterranean cruise.

Blanche Bates is an enthusiastic farmer. Surrounded by horses and dogs, seven dogs, the largest a hound fit to play a part in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the smallest a saucy and pugilistic bull terrier dressed usually in a blue sweater, Miss Bates lives during her rest time in a many gabled, hundred-year-old house, a mile from Ossining with the oddly garbed "boys" at Sing Sing for neighbors. She makes the trip between New York and Ossining in her motor car.

ADA PATTERSON.





Photos by Byron and White

HOW SOME OF OUR PLAYERS SPEND THE SUMMER MONTHS

1. Lulu Glaser at her new home in Mount Vernon. 2. Blanche Bates riding horseback. 3. Miss Prentice on her lily farm. 4. May Irwin duck shooting on Lake Lawrence.
5. Blanche Ring rowing at Larchmont. 6. Viola Allen driving her thoroughbreds. 7. Edith Decker at her country place on Long Island. 8. Robert Edeson at Strongheart Villa, Long Island.
9. Julia Dean and friends at Siasconset. 10. Mabel Barrison's summer place near Toronto. 11. Cyril Scott at Bayshore, Long Island.

The Other Side of the Gentle Music Master

THERE'S another side to the old Music Master. One doesn't see it in New York, Chicago, or San Francisco. In the big cities the conduct of David Warfield is seemly and quite what the orthodox hero-worshippers would have it. He is circumspect, graceful, gentle. His generous gray mane commands respect from strangers. One not recognizing him might take him for a lecturer guest from Bonn or Heidelberg. If he didn't speak, one might rightfully suspect that he was the pastor of a Presbyterian flock in Keokuk, Ia., or perhaps some mythical character from the bookbinderies at East Aurora.

But catch David on tour at El Paso, or for instance, Livingston, Mont., and your lens is focussed on another person, one about whom the public prints have said nothing, one who is a stranger to the stiff-backed box-holders who weep when Herr Von Barwig hurls "coise you" to Oscar Eagle who has stolen his wife and daughter and "wr-recked" his life.

It's sad to believe; but nevertheless true, that the old Music Master is a veritable sharp at cards! He knows all the tricks. He can slide the pack along the whole length of his arm from wrist to shoulder, give them a flip, and over they go, just the way Kellar did it, and the way the silk-vested boys with diamond rings and silk hats did it in the frontier towns of the West twenty years ago.

Of course you pick any card in the pack, look at it, and then put it back where you choose. David flips the cards into the air like a spout from a geyser in the Yellowstone, quickly snatching them into his hands, with a single clever jerk of the fingers.

"This was your card?" he asks. You reply in the negative and throw it down on the table disgustedly. "This?" he asks, and you chuckle with glee because he has fumbled. "Some mistake on my part," he says, looking for all the world as he looks when he sits on the sofa at Miss Houston's lodgings in "The Music Master," and holds the picture of his lost wife close to his tearful eyes.

"Are you certain it wasn't the first card?" You are absolutely certain. You looked at it and threw it down. "Look again," he asks, "just for fun, look again."

You lose. There it is, the card that you first pulled from the deck. David smiles as proudly as a political speaker who has pleased the crowd. Clever? So clever that when the public declines to have Warfield in the legitimate drama, they'll be calling for him at the museums and variety halls.

This all happened in the little café at El Paso. I asked him why he didn't introduce some of these card tricks into the famous supper scene in his present play.

"Saving them," he replied with a blink, "saving them to give novelty and ginger to the court scene when I do Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice.' Other actors have taken liberties with Shakespeare, haven't they?"

Several weeks after this peep behind the scenes into the Warfield nature, we met in Los Angeles, where Harry C. Wyatt, now manager of the leading theatre in southern California, was chestily exhibiting the photograph of a big floral piece. "That was handed over the footlights to me when I was a minstrel in 'Frisco," he related. "Do you know who handed it to me, you little grayheaded fellow over there? Do you know?" he aimed at Warfield. "It was you. No five thousand dollars a week profits for



Otto Sarony Co. DAVID WARFIELD

you in those days, Dave. But I guess you did better than most of the boys at that, didn't you?"

"Don't know," cried Warfield like a peevish boy. "They've found out already that I can manipulate the cards; don't tell them the rest."

"You little gray-head," chuckled Wyatt, clasping Warfield's hand firmly between his own. "You'd make a quarter that belonged in your own pocket pass from some fellow's hand in the gallery, would you? You'd do it just for bait to the rest of the crowd who stood around and took that to be the tip to get a seat. You'd do it, would you, and now you won't own up to it. Bet you can't do it now."

"Can't, eh?" asked the dignified Music Master, nimbly jumping to my side and pulling two bright silver dollars from my vest pocket and coat sleeve. "Can't do it, eh?" he repeated, throwing them in the air, and apparently leaving them there, for they didn't return to his hands and couldn't be located until Warfield took them from Wyatt's hatband.

Weeks after this Warfield and I met in a little hotel in Montana. Before dinner, I had been in the café watching a wizard at cards, without doubt the cleverest manipulator I had ever seen. He had the crowd of ranchmen and cowboys staring open-mouthed.

"David Warfield is in there eating his dinner," I said to the entertainer. "Warfield thinks he can handle cards. Let me call him; I want him to see you do it."

"Bring him in," said the performer. "I always like to work before a fresh guy who thinks he knows it all. Thinks he can handle cards, does he? Perhaps he can sing. He's the one at the theatre, ain't he?"

The two came together. The card man flourishes the pack in a fancy shuffle, less dexterously, perhaps, than Warfield had done it at El Paso. He went through some of the old tricks and Warfield looked on with intense interest. "Want me to explain that one to you?" asked the card man graciously. Warfield nodded. "You hold the cards, then; give them a shuffle." Immediately they slid the full length of the Warfield arm and his instructor stood amazed. "Look at a card quick," said the Music Master, "I'm due at the theatre. Got one in your mind? Well, keep thinking of that particular card." The whole pack was flipped into the air. They came down in a neat pile, and quick as a flash, Warfield arranged eight cards in a wheel. "Take up any seven," he directed. "The one that's left is the one you were thinking about. Yes? Goodnight, glad I met you. Have some refreshments, boys; sorry I've got to go. Here's your money, waiter."

A dollar dropped on the table, rang clear silver, and then mysteriously disappeared as Warfield passed through the door.

"Nice little game of yours, wasn't it?" sneered the performer. "That wasn't Warfield nor any other singer. That's a crook, I tell you, a real gentleman crook. Nobody could do those things but a professional. I know what I'm talking about. He did some of the hardest things in the business. Hullu gee!"

This is one way the Music Master gets his recreation on tour. It's not strange perhaps that he declines to play cards, except a game or two with old friends, who realize that he's merely playing for amusement and not to demonstrate his prowess with the deck. "Strange part of it perhaps," he related, "I never did play for money, never would; because if I did happen to get a good hand, I'd actually believe myself that I'd been cheating." ARCHIE BELL.



BARNUM MONUMENT IN SEASIDE PARK, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

The World's Greatest Showman

THERE are hundreds of thousands of persons in middle life to whom, in their childhood, Barnum's Circus—with its three rings of performing clowns, acrobats, jugglers and riders; its side-tents with their myriad attractions; its menagerie of wild animals, and, above all, the big elephant "Jumbo"—was indeed "The Greatest Show on Earth." Doubtless there are still older men and women who remember the American Museum in New York, in the middle of the last century, when Barnum was a name to conjure by.

It will be one hundred years, July 5, 1910, since this greatest showman, perhaps, the world has ever seen, Phineas Taylor Barnum, was born at Bethel, Conn. His father, Philo Barnum, who was a tailor, a farmer, a tavern-keeper, ran a livery stable and express, and kept a country store, died in 1825. He left a widow with five children, of whom Phineas, then fifteen years of age, was the eldest.

In his interesting and amusing autobiography, Barnum says the family was in such destitute circumstances that he was obliged to get trusted for the pair of shoes he wore to his father's funeral; adding, characteristically, "I literally began the world with nothing, and was barefoot at that."

After several attempts at gaining a livelihood as clerk, storekeeper, agent for a lottery company (in those days the lottery business was not looked upon as immoral), selling books at auction, editing a paper, *The Herald of Freedom*, and keeping a small private boarding-house,—finally, in 1835, he found his true vocation, and

began his career as a showman. In this year he bought and exhibited Joyce Heth, a negress, who, it was claimed, was 161 years old, and had formerly been a nurse of General Washington. Barnum speaks of this introduction to the business as "the least deserving of all my efforts in the show line," but says he honestly believed at the time that Joyce Heth was a genuine exhibition.

To this curiosity he added other attractions, later connecting himself with Turner's traveling circus. After various checkered experiences on the road with this and a company of his own, Barnum became disgusted with the trade of an itinerant showman, and, having a capital of \$2,500 to invest, advertised for a partner in some permanent, respectable business. His partner, "a good-looking, plausible, promising—scamp," cheated him out of his money, and forced him to return temporarily to the show business.

Then he tried, by turns, selling Bibles, writing advertisements and notices for the Bowery Amphitheatre, and writing articles for newspapers, to get a living. It was not until 1841 that he finally secured a foothold on the ladder by which he was to mount to fame and fortune.

On December 27, of that year, Mr. Barnum, by means of considerable diplomacy and shrewdness, came into possession of the American Museum. This establishment, originally Scudder's Museum, had been in existence over thirty years, and already contained a large and valuable collection of curiosities, which he at once set about to increase. Meanwhile, as he had assumed large financial responsibilities



PHINEAS TAYLOR BARNUM



in the undertaking, he and his family practised the strictest economy, living on \$600 a year.

In addition to the Museum proper, there was a "Lecture Room," where dramatic performances were given. Mr. Barnum insisted that all vulgarity and profanity should be eliminated from these entertainments, and he also abolished the custom of giving checks to patrons, thereby preventing them from going out between the acts to patronize the bar. The attendance was not lessened but increased by these changes. The price of admission was twenty-five cents, children half-price, and Barnum's policy from the start was to give his patrons more than their money's worth, on the principle, which was abundantly justified, that they would come again and again and bring others.

On holidays, as many as twelve performances were given to as many different audiences. So that, in one way, Barnum may be said to have inaugurated the continuous performance program, which has proved such an attractive feature of vaudeville in recent years.

In those early days, as throughout his whole career as a showman, Barnum was a profound believer in advertising—not only by a liberal use of printer's ink, but by turning every circumstance to account in drawing the attention of the public to his enterprises. It was not long before Barnum's Museum was the most talked-about and popular resort in America. It was here that the famous woolly horse, the Albino Family, the white negress, Robert Houdin's ingenious automaton writer, Faber's automaton speaker, the Japanese mermaid, the white whales, and other curiosities were exhibited.

Barnum even had the verbal refusal at one time of the house in which Shakespeare was born, which he intended to remove in sections to the Museum, but the scheme fell through.

Here Mr. Sothern, Barney Williams, Miss Mary Gannon, and a host of actors and actresses, who afterwards attained fame, began their professional careers. Here first appeared those celebrated midgets, General Tom Thumb, Commodore Nutt, Minnie



Bangs

MISS GENEVIEVE CLIFFE
Now appearing in a stock company in the West

Warren and her sister, Lavinia, who was eventually married, to Tom Thumb, much to the disappointment of the little Commodore, who was in love with her himself.

Tom Thumb (Charles Stratton, of Bridgeport, Conn., a dwarf whom Barnum discovered and educated) proved to be such an extraordinary drawing-card at the Museum that Barnum decided to exhibit him abroad, and in January, 1844, they sailed for Liverpool. The General appeared first at the Princess' Theatre, London, where he made a decided sensation. Then he was exhibited at Egyptian Hall. During this engagement he appeared at Buckingham Palace before the Queen and members of the royal family, and became a great favorite with the British public. He was also visited, in turn, by virtually every nobleman in England, and by many other famous men, including the Hon. Edward Everett, the American Minister. Besides visiting all the principal places in England, Barnum made a triumphant tour with the little General through France, Belgium, Scotland, and a part of Ireland, returning to New York in February, 1847.

Barnum still continued to exhibit Tom Thumb, first at the Museum, and afterwards throughout America and in Cuba. Meanwhile, having selected Bridgeport, Conn., as a place of residence, he purchased an extensive estate, and, from plans secured in Brighton, England, of

the Oriental Pavilion erected by George IV, built a magnificent mansion, regardless of cost.

In the fall of 1849, Barnum conceived the idea of bringing Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," to this country. Accordingly, he sent an agent abroad to negotiate for her services. After several interviews, an agreement, which was magnanimous in its terms, was drawn up and signed, January 9, 1850. The amount stipulated for the entire expenses of Miss Lind, and those who were to accompany her on this concert tour of the States, was \$187,500. This sum Barnum agreed to place at once in the hands of Messrs. Baring Brothers, of London.



Sarony
RICHARD GORDON
In "The Girl He Couldn't Leave Behind Him"



Sarony
LOUIE POUNDS
Scored a hit in "The Dollar Princess"



Sarony
ANNE BRADLEY
Appearing in a stock company in Richmond, Va.



White
GERTRUDE QUINLAN
As Miss Patsy in Sewell Collins' new comedy



Sarony
AUDREY MAPLE
In the rôle of Chrysea in "The Arcadians"



Sarony
R. B. KEGGERAIS
Made a hit in "Bleeding Heart" in vaudeville



Sarony

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS BILLIE BURKE

Jenny Lind, at this time, was quite unknown to the American public, and the undertaking appeared to be an extremely hazardous one, so far as Barnum himself was concerned. When he tried to negotiate some second mortgages in Wall Street to meet his financial obligations, the president of the bank laughed in his face, and said: "Mr. Barnum, it is generally believed in Wall Street that your engagement with Jenny Lind will ruin you. I do not think you will ever receive so much as three thousand dollars at a single concert." To this Mr. Barnum replied indignantly that he would not take \$150,000 at that moment for his contract. The sequel justified his confidence in the undertaking.

By the time Jenny Lind arrived in America, Barnum, by extensive advertising, had created the wildest enthusiasm to see and hear her. When she landed in New York, great crowds were at the dock to greet her. The wharf was decorated with flags, and two great triumphal arches bore the respective inscriptions, "Welcome, Jenny Lind!" "Welcome to America." So great was the auction sale of tickets for the opening concert, which took place at Castle Garden, Wednesday evening, September 11, 1850, that Barnum generously volunteered to give Miss Lind, in addition to the \$1,000 a concert already agreed on, a portion of the nightly proceeds. The first ticket, purchased by John N. Genin, the latter, at \$225, was an advertisement for him which, Barnum tells us,

"laid the foundation of his fortune." Later, in Boston, Ossian E. Dodge, a comic singer and entertainer, paid \$625 for the first ticket sold in that city, and profited richly by his shrewdness.

Mr. Barnum toured the country with Jenny Lind. The original plan was to give 150 concerts; but finally, some differences arising, after ninety-five concerts, the enterprise was terminated by mutual consent. It had been a great and successful venture. The total receipts, in round numbers, were \$712,000, of which Miss Lind received \$176,000.

In 1855, Barnum, who had become financially interested in a certain commercial company, and acquired a quantity of its stock, endorsed notes for that company to the extent of more than half a million dollars, and found himself financially a

ruined man. With indomitable energy, however, refusing all assistance from friends, who offered to come to the rescue, he set to work to retrieve his losses.

In 1857, he sailed for another tour in England and on the Continent, with his old attraction, General Tom Thumb. In point of success, this tour was largely a repetition of the former one, and

laid the foundation of a second fortune. Meanwhile, however, he met with another serious loss, in the destruction by fire of "Iranistan."

In 1858, he prepared a lecture on "The Art of Money Getting," which he delivered, for the first time, to a great audience in St. James' Hall, London, and subsequently repeated many times, in different parts of England, with great pecuniary profit.

Returning to the United States in 1859, he soon succeeded in practically extinguishing the old indebtedness, and repurchased the American Museum, which misfortune had compelled him to relinquish.

The following year, he built another home, "Lindencroft," near the site of his former one, and proceeded to carry out a long-cherished plan of booming East Bridgeport, which rapidly developed into a beautiful and prosperous city.

In 1865, the American Museum, with all its priceless treasures, was destroyed by fire. The insurance was but \$40,000, while the property was estimated to be worth \$400,000. In less than four months, Barnum had

leased new premises on Broadway, purchased curiosities at home and abroad, and opened to the public "Barnum's New American Museum."

The next year found him in the lecture field again, with a lecture on "Success in Life," with which he toured the West. Every penny received from this and other lectures, except those delivered in England to help free himself from debt, he devoted to charitable purposes.

March 3, 1868, Barnum's Museum, to which the renowned Van Amburgh Menagerie Company's collection of living wild animals had recently been united, was burned to the ground. After this disaster, Barnum sold out to the Van Amburgh Company his interest in the concern, and temporarily retired from active life.

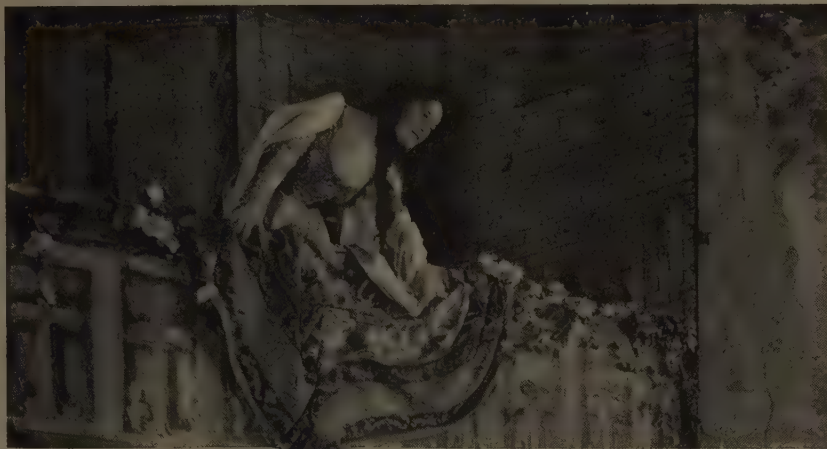
(Continued on page vi)



White

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MRS. FISKE

Mrs. Fiske will make a Summer tour to the Pacific Coast presenting her repertoire "Pillars of Society," "Hannele" and "Becky Sharp"



Byron

ELEANOR ROBSON AS JULIET

Five Actresses

Whom I Have

Seen as Juliet

By H. R. Van Law

“‘ROMEO, I come! this do I drink to thee.’ (*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*)”

So reads the text of the Cambridge edition of “Romeo and Juliet” at the end of the potion-drinking scene in Shakespeare’s wonderful drama of surgent love. Yet the five Juliets it has been my good fortune to see—Julia Marlowe, Maude Adams, Bertha Galland, Eleanor Robson, and Julia Arthur—have little use for the bed, save to indicate that the chamber is a bedroom. This stage direction of falling on the bed is, to be sure, modern; but the scenes that follow—which scenes, it is perhaps needless to add, are cut in modern acting versions—record in no uncertain terms what idea Shakespeare himself had in mind. Here in the original unrevised version, we may find a large part of the fourth act taken up in telling how the nurse, when bade to go waken Juliet, finds Juliet in her bed, apparently asleep.

The line and accompanying action come at the end of a passage of rare beauty: they form a fitting climax to a scene of tense emotional strain. Juliet, in her frantic attempts to escape the

marriage with Paris and “live an unstain’d wife” to Romeo, has appealed by turns with timid firmness to her father and with piteous desperation to her mother, but all in vain. Even from her nurse she receives nothing but time-serving treachery, and then it is that by threats of self-inflicted death Juliet wins from Friar Lawrence the terrible sleeping potion that so powerfully counterfeits death. She is desperate, ready to use the dagger to free herself from a desecrating second marriage, and yet it is not to be supposed that with all her determination she has no apprehensions of danger.

Her vivid imagination runs riot and pictures to her one horror after another—suppose the potion prove to be poison? Suppose she waken too soon in the vault and be suffocated? or, crazed by the terrors of her grewsome surroundings, go mad? Perhaps brain herself with an ancestor’s bones? With that she seems to see Tybalt’s ghost seeking to do injury to Romeo, and without a moment’s hesitation,—nay rather, almost in a wild haste to come to Romeo’s aid,—she drinks off the potion and falls in apparent death.

This is the big scene of the fourth act; beside it all that follows is dwarfed to such insignificance that it is omitted in modern acting versions. The potion-drinking, then, stands as the climax of the act. And well it may; for it is one of the crucial moments of the whole play. Shakespeare was apt to put in his fourth act a scene of tense emotional feeling: witness the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius in the fourth act of “Julius Cæsar,” the mad scene of Ophelia in “Hamlet,” the meeting of Lear demented and Gloucester blind in “King Lear,” and the trial of strength between Portia and Shylock in the trial scene of “The Merchant of Venice.”

Moreover, there is a fascination *per se* in potion-drinking, which Juliet shares alike with Iseult and Dr. Jekyll. There is an involuntary speculation as to how the potion will act; so that the act of drinking is always fraught with significance. All too frequently stage drinking is a senseless farce; the number of actors who can carry a cup to their lips and successfully convey the impression of drinking is astonishingly and deplorably small. Many a time have I seen the artistic beauty of a scene brought to ludicrous nothingness



Sands & Brady

JULIA MARLOWE AS JULIET



Sarony

JULIA ARTHUR AS JULIET



Sarony

MAUDE ADAMS AS JULIET

through slovenly acting that fails lamentably to give the illusion of real drinking. No one is for an instant deceived into credence when an actor picks up a cup and, through his hasty tilting, unaccompanied by any gurgitation of the throat, makes all too manifest the palpable emptiness of the cup. The illusion is gone. Now in "Romeo and Juliet," though the drinking is from a small vial, yet it is so important, so much the centre of consequence, that an actress must needs give heed to her method of portrayal, and act up to this moment as one of the tensest climactic moments of the whole play.

It is of interest, then, to note how actresses have used this climax, and to note the curious fact that, of the five actresses, those two who came nearest to a literal following of the conventional stage direction were the least convincing in general portrayal of character. I saw Eleanor Robson undertake the rôle in the spring of 1903 at a special performance in which Mrs. Jones appeared as the nurse, and that incomparable stage lover, Kyrle Bellew, as Romeo. Miss Robson's portrayal of Juliet was characterized by such temperamental reserve that the rich emotional quality of the rôle was lost sight of. Or perhaps it was that the vivacious, though prosaic, intelligence of Miss Robson's portrayal blotted out any display of passionate poetic vitality. At all events, beside the triumphantly Italian Romeo of Mr. Bellew, this Juliet seemed colorless, and nowhere more so than in the potion-drinking scene. Here we saw Juliet stand beside the bed as she drank the potion, and then collapse and fall forward upon the bed. The bed bounced, and the effect was a trifle grotesque, nevertheless it was a creditable attempt

to give a literal portrayal of the old Shakespearian idea.

In the spring of 1899, at the end of the days of Lady Babbie, Maude Adams essayed the rôle of Juliet. She was supported by Mr. Faversham, who made an indifferent Romeo; by Mr. Hackett, who gave a New York gentleman sort of Mercutio, and by Mrs. Jones, who was faultless in her superb delineation of the nurse. That was before the days of the "Peter Pan" stride, which had its origin in "L'Aiglon." The enduring charm, however, of Lady Babbie was there, though overcast too palpably by the fragility which made L'Aiglon such an appealing figure. If Miss Robson was gentle, Miss Adams was fragile. She knelt by the bed in the great scene and, after drinking the potion, allowed her head to fall weakly forward on the bed, and there she crouched in a half-reclining position. There was no thrill of dramatic tensivity, no warmth of Italian passion; it was all quiet, unresisting, impotent fragility.

The Juliet of Bertha Galland, on the other hand, had no fragility. In personal appearance Miss Galland was the most girlish and truly youthful Juliet I have seen; yet at the same time she was by no means deficient in emotional fervor. She limned the character with genuinely tragic pathos: above all, she invested Juliet with an ennobling charm of poetic purity. John Blair gave admirable support in a Romeo of vibrant, enthusiastic force, and Fuller Mellish in a Mercutio of roguish, roystering, dare-deviltry. In the potion scene Miss Galland represented Juliet as infused with a throbbing complexity of hope and fear. During her terror-stricken hesitation before swallowing the potion, she dropped the vial, but quickly groped for it again; then, after she had drained it, she fell forward prone upon the floor—quite away from the bed. The action was imbued with such electrifying



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BERTHA GALLAND AS JULIET



White

Sophie Barnard

Lou Anger

SCENE IN "THE GAY HUSSARS" AT THE CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE

intensity that it might well win belief for the thought that the farther the actress got from the bed, the more truly she became Juliet.

The most startling bit of business, however, was that with which Julia Arthur, now Mrs. Cheney, capped her potion-drinking. After her delivery of those terror-fraught lines, so uttered as to intensify the numbing horror of Juliet's position, she paused and stared off to nothingness with an expression in her magnificent dark eyes in which horror, devotion, futility, and determination alternated. Then, with a slow compelling movement—as if forcing herself to act by sheer will-power—she drank the potion and fell backward full length upon the floor in the centre of the chamber. And I have never ceased to wonder how she contrived to fall backward so stiffly and yet with such undeniable grace.

Julia Marlowe, fortunately, continues to claim our attention as Juliet. The slim girlish youthfulness of appearance which made Miss Galland's Juliet so attractive, Miss Marlowe has not; but through the finished technique of her art, through intonation, gesture, and pose, she subtly and convincingly suggests a captivating girlishness. During the long speech immediately preceding the potion-drinking, she moves around from the *prie-dieu* to the bed and on to a settee at the foot of the bed. Standing there she drinks the potion, and then falls with a weakening of all muscles at once; her knees bend and her body doubles up as she collapses in a heap on the floor.

The Drama

You are the living Art, . . . the Poet's pen
Conjures up dreams in Fancy's magic realms,
The Artist's brush to the pale canvas gives
The glow of life, the Sculptor from the cold,
White marble carves the human form, and in
The magic spells that Music weaves the soul
Is rapt or stirred, . . . but all are fairy arts,
While you are of the great wide, living world,
To-day is yours, to-morrow soon will be,
And all the mighty heritage that Time
Has left of life and action but awaits
The magic of your genius to become
Alive again; all passions of the mind,
Grief, Hate and Fear, and Laughter, with gay Wit,
Are handmaids to your vast, majestic art
As deep as life, eternal as the soul.

CHARLES STEWART BOOTH.

These varying methods of portraying the climactic moment of the act are but an indication of the great difference in the interpretation of the character as a whole. Miss Adams and Miss Arthur I saw within the space of a week's time; Miss Robson and Miss Galland I saw on alternate nights; in each case there was a strong contrast. Miss Arthur brought to her presentation all her astounding wealth of personal beauty, and distinguished her rendition with marked restraint, behind which depth of emotional feeling was keenly in evidence. Miss Adams omitted many of the more passionate lines of the rôle, so as to bring the part within the scope of her ability; but even then she presented a naïve American girl of considerable fragility, and not an Italian girl who has come suddenly into a woman's love fraught with a heart-breaking warmth and depth of tragic pathos. Miss Robson similarly contrasted with Miss Galland, and presented a vivacious modern girl of considerable intelligent feeling, but withal not the tender, languorous, Italian girl which Miss Galland infused with such ardent vitality and genuine poetic purity. Miss Marlowe, however, while presenting much of the full sensuous beauty of

Miss Arthur, much of the poetic emotion of Miss Galland, a greater, richer charm than Miss Adams, a keener, more judicious intelligence than Miss Robson, achieves as great an illusion of girlish youth; above all, she far surpasses any other present-day Juliet in the marvelous beauty of tone and accentuation with which she delivers her lines. Surely she is our greatest Juliet.

The Results of the New Theatre's First Season

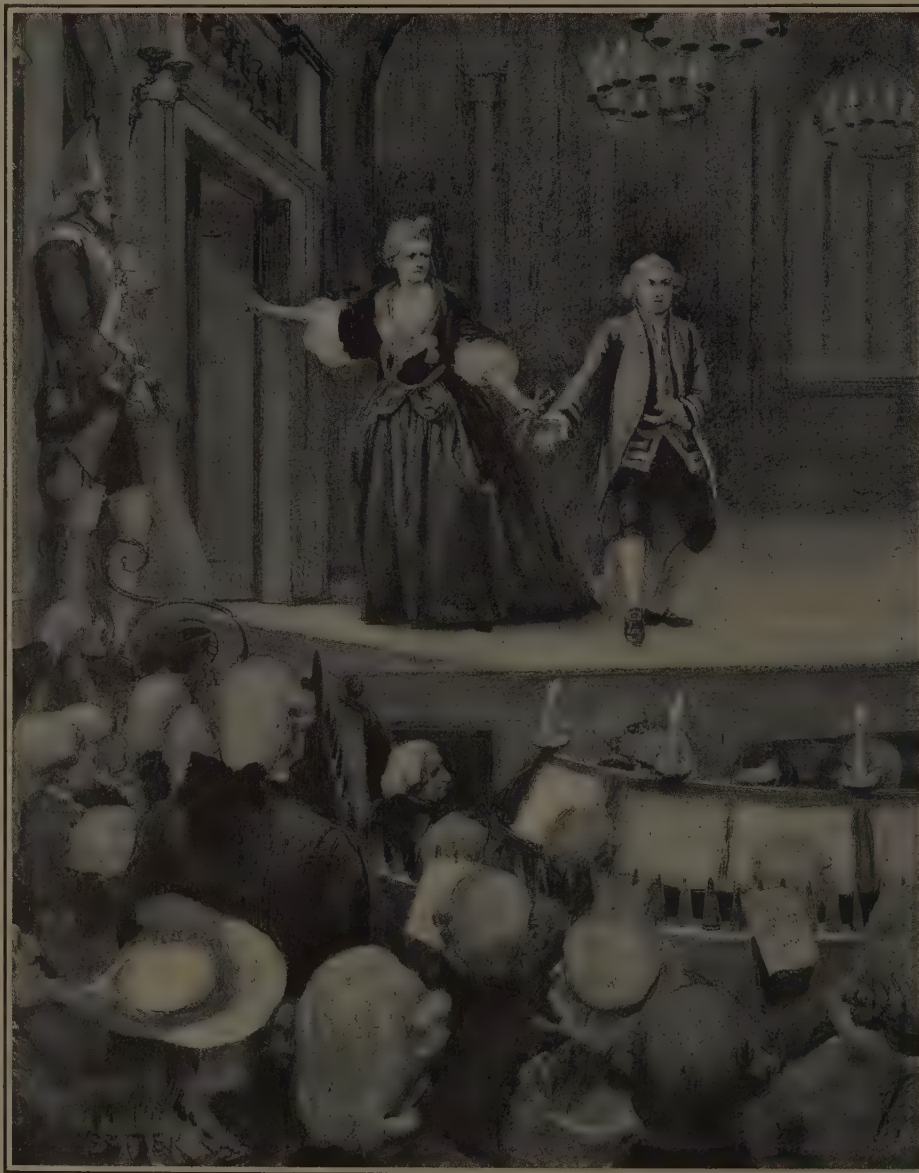
THE New Theatre in its first season labored under the great disadvantage, and it may always continue in that position of being looked upon by the average theatregoer as the theatrical Moses come upon New York to lead the Children of Israel (the two Syndicates) out of bondage and into that promised land where theatres may be run regardless of box office receipts. This fact being clear, truth to tell the new enterprise had ahead of it a hard row to hoe. For in spite of all that may be argued to the contrary, a stage play serves no dramatic or ethical purpose unless it appeals to the mass of theatregoers. And when one looks for a true verdict it is found in the box office receipts. The box office is the barometer of public opinion and from its glass there is no appeal. No one must imagine that the *hoi polloi* is a negligible quantity in any theatre. The gallery in a \$2.00 theatre holds almost to a man the same class of people as those in the best seats, the only difference being in the length of their purses, and unless the play makes a wide appeal, these well dressed "gallery gods" are not able to, nor are they willing to spend their money upon eccentric and freak plays. And no theatre ever has, or ever will live wherein the catholicity of its taste in plays is not tempered by a judicious appreciation of full houses of people who have paid for their seats.

Fostered by interests inimical to the New Theatre enterprise, the idea was industriously spread that this was to be a theatre only for the "High Brows" and without any thought of captious criticism there was much in the choice of plays this past season at this theatre that has lent color to this assertion. Plays, even those that succeed, are composed of good and bad material. But there is also another lot which may be classed as wholly unnecessary plays, and in this category may be ranged "Antony and Cleopatra," "The Cottage in the Air," "Liz the Mother," "The Witch" and "Brand" — almost one-third of the total productions.

Again, no American classic was staged when Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" should have been available. What is still more serious, there was but one original production, "The Nigger," all of the other plays, "Don," "Strife," "Sister Beatrice" and "Beethoven" being reproductions or transplantings. If the New Theatre can not do better than bank upon what the foreign manager chooses, it is not accomplishing a great deal on its own behalf as a Temple of the Drama. Moreover, but one American play, out of a list of twelve plays produced, was seen. But there is a reason for this quite apart from any desire of the New Theatre management to produce American plays. The practical American dramatist can do better than take his best modern work to the New Theatre. The idea that his masterpiece is to be done once or twice a week in repertoire is too much like a "ten, twenty and thirty cent repertoire show on the road," when his play is ten years old, to make any appeal to him. Now the dramatist of any nationality is a man who seeks to live on three square meals a day and sleep in a decent bed.

And the same for his family. So let us look at what the New Theatre may accomplish for him in that direction. Mr. Sheldon's play, "The Nigger," had twenty-four performances in a season of about twenty-six weeks. A fair estimate of the royalty would be \$100 a performance; thus \$2,400 total earnings for this play, for its life outside of this theatre will be *nil*. This is not to say that "The Nigger" does not justify its production. On the contrary, when a theatre can produce regardless of profit, such a proposition is one for it to realize. This same play would have closed any other theatre and sent its manager to the poorhouse. Yet "The Nigger" in its genre is a great play; the second act being worthy of any French dramatist and greater praise cannot be accorded to a youngster of twenty-four summers.

Now let us look at the status of the



From the Illustrated London News Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard in the Dagger Scene

"MACBETH," PLAYED IN THE COSTUMES OF 1763

Describing his drawing, the artist of the Illustrated London News says: "Utter disregard for archaeology at the period illustrated allowed actors and actresses to appear in historical parts dressed according to the fashion of the day. The stage is empty of spectators, which points to a date after 1762, when Garrick did away with the intolerable nuisance. Although footlights had been used before (as shown in prints of 1673 and 1749), Garrick is credited with having brought back the innovation from Paris in 1765. The rule until that date at Drury Lane, as in other theatres, was to make use of chandeliers with tallow candles, which were lowered between the acts for snuffing. One may judge that the house was but dimly lighted. This is the first idea of the stalls. The orchestra was isolated from the spectators by a spiked fence, on the spikes of which playbills, fans, etc., were displayed. Two soldiers stood one at each end of the proscenium. The action may be placed in 1763 (prior to the retirement of Mrs. Pritchard in 1768).

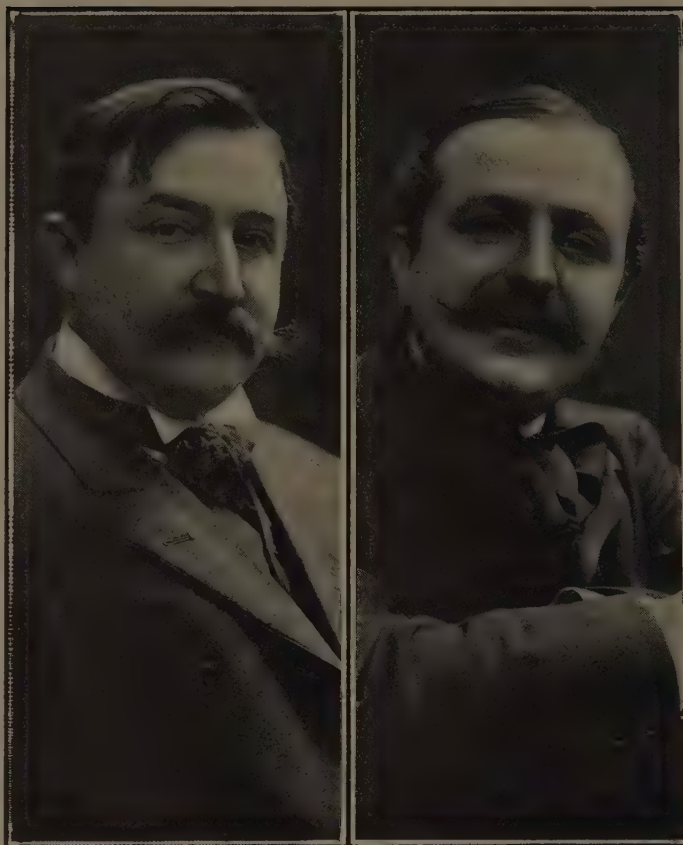


THE REALISTIC STRIKE SCENE IN JOHN GALSWORTHY'S DRAMA "STRIKE," ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF THE NEW THEATRE'S OFFERINGS

foreign dramatists in a repertoire theatre. Next season the New Theatre will open with Maeterlinck's fairy play, "The Blue Bird," which has already enjoyed almost two hundred consecutive performances in London alone and, mark you, *not* as a repertoire piece, and in addition thereto are all of its performances on the Continent, so that its career in the American repertoire theatre means just so much added profit to the author. "The Nigger," or any other American play, on the other hand, is practically a forlorn hope in a foreign theatre. Therefore, the American dramatist having only his home market for his work, cannot afford to offer the New Theatre any play which might mean a life's competency to him if successfully produced by what is known as the commercial manager. Of course, this condition of affairs more or less forced upon the New Theatre management the necessity of looking abroad for their material. But a better repertoire would be secured if five plays instead of ten or twelve were produced in a season. Better results would be attained, better acting for one thing, and each play would have a chance to take a firmer hold upon the affections of the public, and a real repertoire essentially its own would be more easily established.

In choosing the repertoire, it is the intention to maintain a proportion of one-third classical and two-thirds modern plays; this means, however, modern authors and not necessarily modern plays. A brave effort was made with the classical numbers of the repertoire, but there was so much unfortunate mis-mating and mis-casting of parts that the productions lacked both authority and distinction. This was noticeable in almost every instance.

Examples of fatal mis-casting were seen in the parts of Viola and Lady Teazle. Rudolph Besier's comedy "Don" was the most interesting modern play seen, but it was fatally miscast. The germ thought of the author in this clever piece is an idyll, and requires very delicate handling. But when one hero looks and acts more like Don Juan than Don Quixote, and the other seems a gay Lothario, where is the play? But then



Photos Paul Berger

ARMAND CAILLAVET AND ROBERT DE FLERS
Authors and collaborators of the successful French plays, "Love Watches," "Instant George," and "My Wife," recently presented in this country

Rome was not built in a day, and a theatrical family with proper balance and experience is not born in one season—and that the first.

Mr. John Corbin, the official play reader of the establishment, quickly handed in his resignation. Little wonder. He had troubles enough. A woman sent in from the West the MS. of a play upon which she had been at work for forty years! Another play submitted was called "A Servant Girl's Dream." This seems like a close second to "The Girl With the Whooping Cough." Probably a Play Reading Committee is to succeed Mr. Corbin, in which case they can divide up such joys as these.

When the house is reopened next October, a radical change will be seen in its interior. Conried's hybrid idea of opera and drama under one roof produced chaos. A huge upper gallery was built specially for operatic audiences. As no more operatic performances are to be

given (a great loss was incurred here), this gallery is to be wiped out, the space closed by a steel wall, and the room so created used for rehearsals. The boxes are to be raised to where the foyer stalls now exist, and their number reduced from twenty-three to eighteen, the founders settling their claims between themselves. The seating capacity of the boxes may also be increased from six to eight. The space now occupied by the boxes will be lowered into the orchestra stalls and other seats in the foyer stalls on the sides eliminated, as they were found to be entirely out of the line of sight. The ceiling will be lowered some eighteen feet or more and the upper galleries remodeled. There is some idea of raising the price of the orchestra stalls to \$2.50 which, if acted upon, will be a great error of judgment.

Not that people may not be found in New York in numbers to buy these seats at the advance; on the contrary, the town is full of people who will be glad to be seen in them. But such a move is calculated to increase the feeling already well developed that the New Theatre is for the "High Brows" and the millionaires.

There will, on the whole, be fewer seats than in the original house and, judging from the



MAKARA AS THE HUMAN BUTTERFLY

One of the latest exponents of the modern individualistic style of dancing as compared with the concerted movements of old-fashioned ballet is Makara, who at present is appearing in Berlin. Loie Fuller, Isadora Duncan, Maud Allan, and the sisters Wiesenthal have developed the modern idea of interpreting the charm of music by the varied movements of a dance. Makara is the latest exponent of this art



White

HENRY B. WARNER

Who has made a hit as Jimmy in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" at Wallack's Theatre



Bangs

JOHN EMERSON

Recently seen in "The Whirlwind" at Daly's Theatre



Sykes

ROBERT DROUET

Lately seen as Louis Floriot in "Madame X" at the New Amsterdam Theatre

application for a renewal of subscriptions, the New Theatre has taken a firm hold even after its very lame start. It has given the actor the most luxurious home he has ever known, with superb dressing-rooms and every modern convenience, reached by elevators. In a repertoire company as numerous as this no actor has, however, an individual dressing-room. After each performance he packs up every belonging, and it is taken care of by the wardrobe mistress until it is again needed. In all other theatres the actor is loaded down with rules, which he is expected to obey—and all of which he regularly breaks—particularly the one labeled "No Smoking." In the New Theatre there is but one rule, and that is that no stranger is allowed upon the stage during a performance. This season's company numbered thirty-five artists, and next season it will be rather larger than smaller. There will be some changes in and additions to its personnel.

Now what has the New Theatre accomplished? To begin with it has established itself. It has proven that a repertoire theatre may be successfully maintained upon a high plane of artistic endeavor—even although not always realized. A reflex of this enterprise in New York is Charles Frohman's Repertoire Theatre in London, which is a direct outcome of the repertoire theatre in New York. And incidentally this is the first time that Mr. Frohman has followed and not led a movement.

Of course, there is another move behind the one that is naked to the eye. Practically, Mr. Frohman controls the American rights to all foreign productions in which there seems to be a dollar. By establishing his London Repertoire Theatre he also hopes to control the output of prominent foreign dramatists in which there may be nothing but glory, and thus forestalling the New Theatre in its own field of activity.

We hope that the New Theatre has come to stay. It is an institution fraught with great possibilities for the future of the drama in our country. There is an air of elegance and refinement about the house itself that is uplifting. We also hope to see organized a system of pensions for the actor.

The company recently went on tour for a season of twelve weeks, extending as far west as Kansas City. Reports of its business indicate that it has had its ups and downs, according to the popularity of its repertoire, like any other theatrical attraction.

The productions made thus far have been as follows:

| Title of play | Date of first performance | Number of performances |
|---|---------------------------|------------------------|
| "Antony and Cleopatra"..... | November 8, 1909 | 17 |
| "The Cottage in the Air"..... | November 11, 1909 | 9 |
| "Strife"..... | November 17, 1909 | 17 |
| "The Nigger"..... | December 4, 1909 | 24 |
| "The School for Scandal"..... | December 16, 1909 | 29 |
| "Liz, the Mother"..... | December 30, 1909 | 1 |
| "Don"..... | December 30, 1909 | 15 |
| "Twelfth Night"..... | January 26, 1910 | 21 |
| "The Witch"..... | February 14, 1910 | 10 |
| "Brand"..... | March 14, 1910 | 8 |
| "Sister Beatrice"..... | March 14, 1910 | 10 |
| "The Winter's Tale"..... | March 28, 1910 | 7 |
| "Beethoven"..... | Apr. 11 to Apr. 30 | 18 |
| "A Son of the People," presented by an outside company..... | February 28, 1910 | 7 |
| TOTAL | | 193 |

As there are to be no more operatic performances at this theatre, we have not included in this review an estimate of their value, but for the sake of the record, the list follows:

| | | |
|--|-------------------|---|
| "Werther"..... | November 16, 1909 | 4 |
| "The Bartered Bride"..... | November 17, 1909 | 2 |
| "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"..... | November 25, 1909 | 3 |
| "Czaar und Zimmermann"..... | November 30, 1909 | 4 |
| "Il Maestro di Cappella"..... | December 9, 1909 | 3 |
| "Cavalleria Rusticana"..... | December 9, 1909 | 3 |
| "La Fille de Madame Angot"..... | December 14, 1909 | 4 |
| "Don Pasquale"..... | December 23, 1909 | 3 |
| "L'Histoire d'un Pierrot" (pantomime)..... | December 28, 1909 | 4 |
| "Pagliacci"..... | January 6, 1910 | 2 |
| "Fra Diavolo"..... | January 11, 1910 | 2 |
| "Manon"..... | February 3, 1910 | 1 |
| "L'Elisir d'Amore"..... | February 4, 1910 | 1 |
| "L'Attaque du Moulin"..... | February 8, 1910 | 4 |
| "La Bohème"..... | February 17, 1910 | 2 |
| "Stradella"..... | February 22, 1910 | 1 |
| "Madama Butterfly"..... | March 4, 1910 | 1 |
| "Tosca"..... | March 22, 1910 | 1 |
| "La Sonnambula"..... | March 23, 1910 | 1 |
| "The Awakening of Woman" (ballet)..... | March 31, 1910 | 1 |
| "The Pipe of Desire"..... | March 31, 1910 | 1 |
| "Hungary" (ballet)..... | March 31, 1910 | 1 |
| "Coppelia"..... | April 1, 1910 | 1 |

*In double bills only.

SUMMARY—Number of representations, 40; number of operas produced, 19; German operas, 2; Bohemian operas, 1; English operas, 1; Italian operas, 9; French operas, 6; German representations, 7; French representations, 15; Italian representations, 20; English representations, 1; double bills (including ballets and divertissements), 15; pantomimes, 1; ballets, 3.

The Circus Clown and the Art of Laughter-Making.

THE first thing that enters the average youngster's mind when the circus comes to town is the clown. But when he gets to the circus he is disappointed. He does not see the old-time whitened and motley-faced clown with the tall, peaked hat. Instead he sees a number of grotesquely dressed performers pretending that they are clowns. In one sense they are, but they are not real clowns. They are the result of changed conditions and, unfortunately, it is because of these changed conditions that those of us who remember the "old days," come away saying: "Oh, if we could only see a real clown again!"

While leaving Madison Square Garden recently, after a performance of Barnum and Bailey's circus, the writer overheard several persons make similar remarks. Yet during the performance they had looked upon just such a clown! They simply did not recognize him without his peaked hat and old-time conventional clown costume, consisting of the white "Queen Elizabeth" ruffle around the neck, the short white jacket-blouse, and the white pantaloons, usually with large black polka-dots about the size of a baseball. With the changed conditions he, too, had been obliged to change both his make-up—the traditional white, with black and red—and his costume.

Almost from the moment the circus acts started, after the grand procession, a clown appeared in the sawdust burlesquing a policeman. He was Dick Ford, a veteran clown of the "old school," who has been a clown for forty-five years! And though he did not rely upon any of the "props," or mechanical contrivances used by the modern clown, so-called, he worked all around the big arena alone, and succeeded, in the short space of an hour or an hour and a half, in making some 10,000 people laugh! Is not that alone worth while? How much better to make 10,000 people laugh than to make them cry! As clowns often remark, "It is good to be a clown." Dick Ford says so. He is one of the few old-time, *real* clowns living, but even he had to put aside his tall, peaked hat for something that has to do with the actual living people of to-day. The spirit of naturalism has found its way under canvas even as it has pervaded the theatre. People nowadays want things "up-to-date." Clowning must be timely. The clown must play on vogues. With the advent of "Salome," "The Merry Widow," and so on, down to Roosevelt's trip to Africa, have come "Salome" clowns, "Merry Widow" clowns, and so on, and this season the clowns of Barnum and Bailey's "Greatest Show on Earth," have produced "Roosevelt and Kermit in Africa."

But Dick Ford will have none of this. He is a clown by himself. He does not work with the other clowns. When the circus has begun, Ford stumbles out into the arena in his grotesque policeman's regalia, and goes through a regular series of tricks and mishaps all by himself. If a certain act is weak, either because of the unexpected absence of a member of the troupe, or because the act itself is not calculated to make much of an impression on the spectators, Ford "gets busy." He fills in the gaps, all the while keeping up his own end after a carefully worked-out plan of action.

The average spectator, who watches the clowns disporting

themselves in the circus ring, probably thinks that it is silly and easy work. Let him try it. He would then find out what hard work it is, and what careful thought is necessary for each act. Every act that is done must be carefully rehearsed.

Dick Ford says that it usually takes him about a week at the beginning of the circus season to get his "act" into shape. While he does not attend the rehearsals of the clowns, he puts thought into his antics while in the ring. He is excused from attending rehearsals with the rest of the company. "It would do no good, anyway," he says, "for I never do the same thing twice—just whatever comes into my head at the time." He keeps the management on pins and needles at the beginning of each season, and even before almost every performance, by rarely putting in an appearance until a few minutes before the performance. They never know until he appears in the ring if Ford is "going on." He

is the Patti of the circus! And, as the "premier" clown, he is paid far more money than many a Broadway star. He has a separate apartment for himself in the circus train, and a separate dressing-room. But, as he carries no "props"—only his policeman's clothes and club—he does not bother

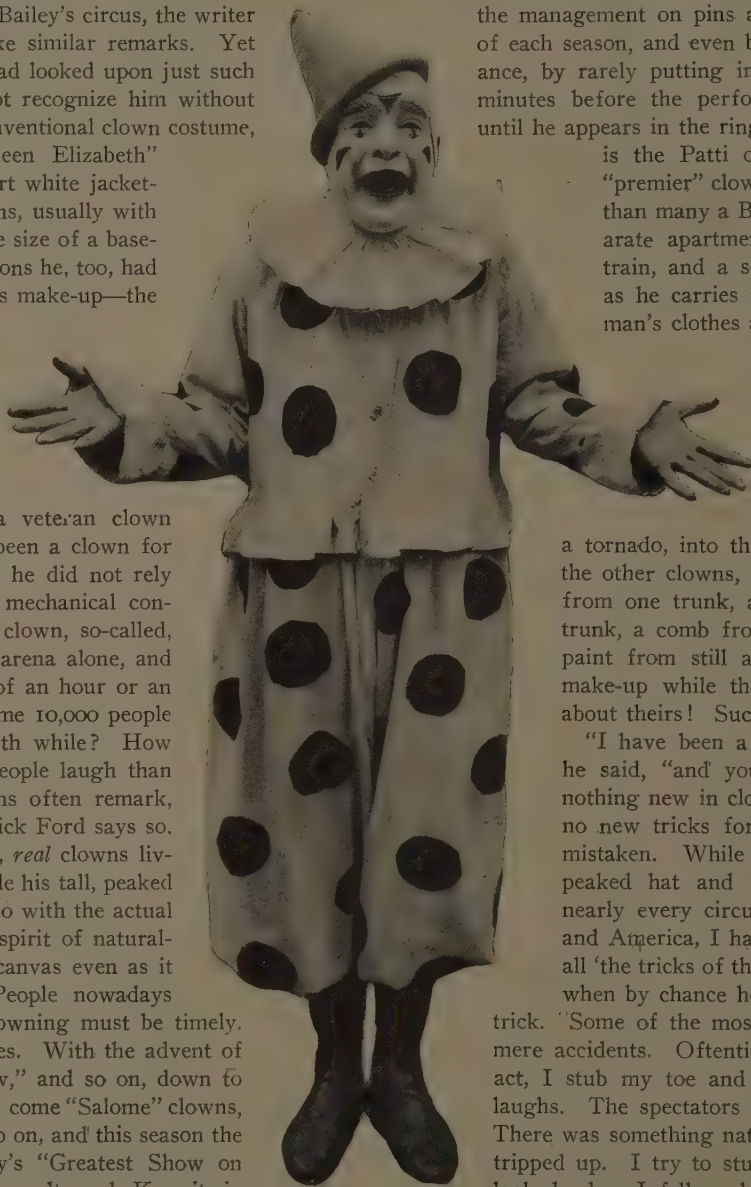
to have any "make-up" of his own. When he reaches the tent—or, in the case of New York, the "Garden"—he goes to his own dressing-room and disrobes, and then blows, like

a tornado, into the big dressing-room used by the other clowns, grabbing some oxide of zinc from one trunk, a powder puff from another trunk, a comb from another, and some grease paint from still another. He jumps into his make-up while the other clowns are thinking about theirs! Such is Dick Ford, clown.

"I have been a clown for forty-five years," he said, "and you might think that there is nothing new in clowning for me, that there are no new tricks for me to learn. But you are mistaken. While in my long career with the peaked hat and the slap-stick, clowning for nearly every circus of any account in Europe and America, I have come pretty near learning all 'the tricks of the trade,' still one never knows when by chance he may stumble on to a clever trick. 'Some of the most successful clown tricks are mere accidents. Oftentimes, as I start out to do an act, I stub my toe and slip up, and I get a lot of laughs. The spectators think it is part of the show. There was something naturally funny about the way I tripped up. I try to study out the way I must have looked when I fell, and at every performance thereafter I cause myself to stub my toe and slip up the same way. That is one way a clown builds up his business. It is usually the best way. But a successful

clown must do something also besides stub his toe and slip up!

"To be a successful clown you must also be a good pantomimist. Every clown act must tell a story. It is really a small comedy or a slight drama. We must not only have action, but something to suggest an incident or a series of incidents. If, for example, a group of clowns wear soldier uniforms, their act must give a hint of a camp, a battlefield, or some other definite martial picture. It may be hugely grotesque—and has to be under the 'big canvas top' in order to 'get over,' as they say on the theatrical stage—but



DICK FORD
A veteran clown of the
old school





Otto Sarony Co.
HARRIET STANDON
Appearing as Frantzi in "The Girl and the Wizard"

it must be a concrete picture just the same.

"Take my present act, or, to be exact, my 'beat.' Aside from my many 'asides'—again I must borrow from the theatrical stage—I follow in the footsteps of any number of everyday policemen. Take, for instance, when I "bust" up the mimic saloon run by some of the other clowns. Am I not following in the footsteps of two New York policemen who recently figured very much in some excise raids? Only mine are rather exercise than excise raids!

"So, you see, to produce laughs a clown must make a serious effort.

"For this particular act of mine, I at first thought out some episodes in the daily experiences of a policeman, and then worked them over in my mind into a story, not of words, but of action—pantomime. Then I began to think out my "make-up." Of course, the thing always desirous in a clown's make-up is something grotesquely funny. About the funniest thing in policemen, also the most grotesque, are the country constables, so I turned my attention to this form of policeman. In my long experience traveling with circuses, I have seen a great many constables, and have been more or less intimately acquainted with many of them, and for my present act I had only to call to mind many things that I had actually seen happen in everyday life. For this particular make-up I copied, almost exactly, save for the clown white part of my face, a constable who came near breaking up a performance of a circus I was with a few years ago in Rhode Island. I only hope that he is still living, and that we'll hit his territory this season—I'll have some fun with him, you can bet!

"The clown's costume requires much thought and study, too, if it is to mean anything. Although, perhaps, to most people, all clowns look alike, if you will watch their attire carefully you will see that each one is slightly different from the other. Of course, mine is different from the others, since I am the only policeman clown with the circus, but, nevertheless it required considerable thought and attention. With the aid of my balloon-shoulders, which I inflate with the aid of a bicycle hand-pump, I am able to carry out the idea of the broad-shouldered cop to a degree that provokes laughter in itself. No, this isn't a 'prop,' it's my costume.

"I have little patience with the many contrivances that some modern clowns use, such as guns, cameras, baby carriages, automobiles, the Chantecler costume, big heads—yes, they often have the 'big head' themselves. A real clown only needs his wits, while the dullard seeks to make up for his mental deficiencies with mechanical contrivances. People sometimes say that I am prejudiced in favor of the old ways, just as I cling to the memory of the

old days. But they are the best.

"Every step in the making of a clown is hard work. Look at these bruises on my arms. I have them all over my body, and no sooner get rid of one than I get another. And yet, people say when they see us fall, 'I wonder if it hurts him.' Let them try it."

As Dick Ford, a clown of the "old school," was telling me all this, the other forty-nine clowns with the circus had hurriedly put on their white faces and grotesque costumes, one his Chantecler feathers, and had jumped

into line for the procession immediately preceding the performance. Dick Ford is excused from participating in all parades and processions, being a veteran clown, but he is in the sawdust nearly all through the performance. With Barnum and Bailey's now there are no principal clowns. It is better not so, say the management, because of professional jealousy, which is almost as great between clowns, unless they are all one family, as they are in the Barnum and Bailey circus this season, as between grand opera singers.

"What do you use for your 'make-up?'" I asked.

"Oxide of zinc mixed with common lard. This I rub on my face with my hands, and then I sprinkle powdered oxide of zinc over my face to make it dry, and give it that firm appearance.

For this I use this clown-made powder-puff, consisting of an old stocking, the foot filled with the powdered oxide of zinc. Then I line in with black grease paint, carefully lining in only my own wrinkles. By doing this I can always express any feeling I want to naturally, as they are my own natural lines and wrinkles, which, being lined in on the white 'ground' with the black grease paint, are greatly exaggerated.

"Other clowns can copy my make-up, and do, but while they get the lines in the right places, the lines do not fit their faces, and the result is—well, not quite the same. They never have been able to 'get on to my wrinkles!'"

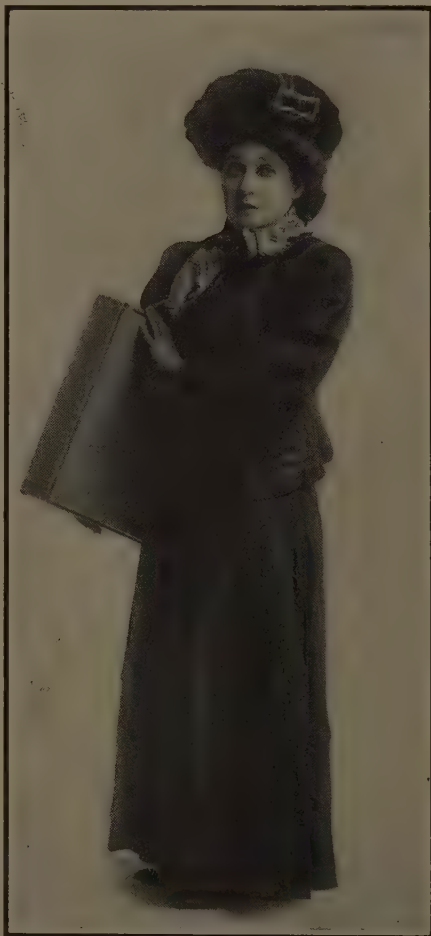
Dick Ford, in summing up clowning, says:

"The whole thing in clowning is to know what not to do, and not do it. Not long ago I overheard one of the other clowns remark: 'I don't see what that policeman clown does to get away with the idea he is so great. Why, I never see him doing anything in the ring.' Well, I walked over and patted the young clown who spoke on the shoulder, and said to him: 'You don't see, my boy, but you're young—you'll learn. You'll learn that there is just as much art in doing nothing well as there is in making a lot of commotion.' To be a good clown a man must be a student and in earnest."

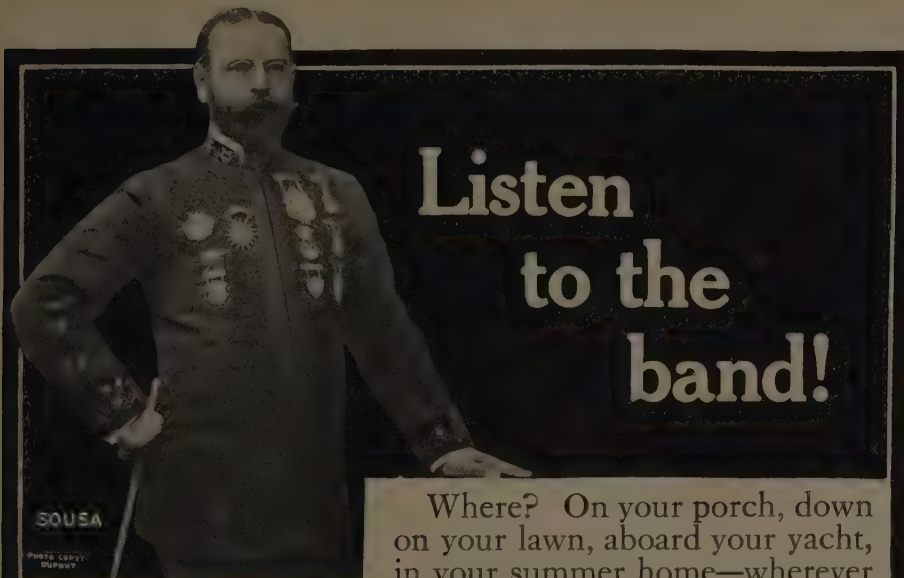
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| 35000 | Freischutz Overture..... | Sousa's Band |
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| 31676 | Semiramide Overture..... | Police Band of Mexico |
| 4678 | Lights Out March..... | Pryor's Band |
| 4115 | Coronation March from the Prophet..... | Garde Republicaine Band of France |
| 5777 | Apache Dance..... | Black Diamonds Band of London |
| 16479 | "De Guardia" Two-Step..... | Royal Military Band of Madrid |
| | Dance "Luis Alonzo"..... | Royal Military Band of Madrid |

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World's Greatest Showman

(Continued from page 22)

"Lindencroft" was sold in the summer of 1867, and a year or two later Mr. Barnum built at Seaside Park—a beautiful driveway on the Sound which he had been instrumental in developing—a new residence which he named "Waldmere," or "Woods-by-the-Sea." Here he spent the summers, while the winters were passed in New York, where he had purchased a home on Fifth Avenue.

Idleness, however, was distasteful to a man of Mr. Barnum's active temperament, and we find him embarking again in the show business, this time with that great traveling Museum, Menagerie and Hippodrome which added fresh laurels to his achievements.

Barnum was originally a Democrat in politics, but in 1860 he identified himself with the Republican party. He was several times elected a member of the Connecticut State Legislature, where he was active and successful in fighting the railroad monopolies of his day. He was also mayor of Bridgeport. In 1867 he received the nomination for Congress, but was defeated. His death occurred at Bridgeport, April 7, 1891.

In later years Mr. Barnum was a teetotaler, and lectured frequently on the subject of temperance. His benefactions were many and munificent. These included gifts to the Mountain Grove Cemetery, a beautiful burying-ground in Bridgeport, where, among other monuments, is a marble shaft surmounted by a life-size statue of General Tom Thumb; gifts to the Bridgeport library; and a museum building for Tuft's College.

In personal appearance Mr. Barnum resembled Senator Stephen A. Douglass, for whom he was once ludicrously mistaken. His wife, who bravely aided him in his rise from poverty and obscurity to affluence and fame, was a Miss Charity Hallett. The Rev. Dr. Chapin. Mr. Barnum's pastor, who was an inveterate punster, said they were the most sympathetic couple he ever saw; she was "Charity" and he was "Pity" (P. T.). They were married November 8, 1829, and had four daughters.

Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, on being introduced to the great showman in 1851, exclaimed: "Is it possible you are Barnum? Why, I expected to see a monster, part lion, part elephant, and a mixture of rhinoceros and tiger!" Barnum's saying that the people like to be humbugged has become proverbial, and probably most persons think of P. T. Barnum to-day as the Prince of Humbugs of the nineteenth century. But if he was a humbug, he was a very harmless one. He was a humbug only in the sense that the magician who practices his art for the amusement of the public is a humbug. He was no mere charlatan. He himself was cheated, but he never cheated any one. Whoever went to Barnum's got full value for his money. Mr. Barnum was a man of noble character as well as of rare talents. The integrity of his business methods, his honesty in politics, his promptness in meeting his engagements, his self-reliance, his good nature, his inexhaustible fund of humor, his optimism, his courage, his fortitude in adversity, his adherence to principle which he valued above money, all stamp him as being a great and good man—a worthy example for the emulation of the American youth of to-day.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

Mary Bickford, Chicago.—Q.—Kindly give a biographical sketch of John Barrymore. A.—See this column in our April, 1910, issue. Q.—Will Mr. Barrymore be seen again in Chicago, and how soon? A.—We cannot say. Q.—How long has he been on the stage? A.—About seven years.

Dorothy Bennett.—Q.—Where can I procure souvenir books of "Peter Pan" and "The Jesters," and at what price? A.—We are not aware that any were published. Q.—What is your "Player's Gallery"? A.—A publication issued by us containing three numbers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE bound together. Price 25 cents per copy.

E. Rant.—Q.—In what is Beatrice Morgan appearing at the present time? A.—"The Easiest Way."

G. J. P., Gen Del, Bangor.—Q.—Have you published a photograph of Julian Eltinge in private dress? A.—We have not.

M. D., New York.—The only portrait of Mary Mannerling which appeared in this magazine in 1909 is that in the December number.

F. J. B., Pittsburgh.—Q.—To whom can I submit the scenario of a play with a view to production? A.—To any of the producing managers. Q.—Give me the names and addresses of musical houses that buy compositions. A.—You might consult the advertising columns of musical papers for the names of music concerns.

K. E. R.—Q.—Where was H. B. Warner born? A.—In London, England. Q.—In what play did he make his first appearance? A.—"It's Never Too Late to Mend."

D. C. J., Salt Lake City.—Q.—Will you publish a list of the plays produced in New York this past season? A.—In the next number will appear a list of the plays produced in New York, together with their respective runs. Q.—Will Lew Fields tour the West in "Old Dutch"? A.—Mr. Fields is appearing at the Broadway Theatre in "The Summer Widowers."

A Regular Reader, Dallas, Texas.—Q.—Laura Hope Crews is the name. She is at present appearing in "Her Husband's Wife" at the Garrick Theatre, New York.

Reader—The March, 1910, number of the THEATRE contained a poetic tribute to the late Lotta Faust. J. G. H., Osterville, Mass.—Q.—Can you tell me something about Geraldine Farrar's operatic career? A.—At the age of fourteen Miss Farrar sang before Jean de Reszké, and immediately went abroad to study, one of her teachers being Mme. Lilli Lehmann. In Berlin she at once became a prime favorite. Her first appearance in grand opera in America was in 1906, when she sang the rôle of Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet." She has since been a regular member of the Metropolitan Opera House.

"A Reader"—Maude Adams' most recent appearance was Rosalind in Shakespeare's "As You Like It," presented at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, Cal. Q.—What followed Ethel Barrymore in "Mid-Channel" at the Empire Theatre? A.—"Caste."

A Reader, Newport, Ky.—Q.—What books can you recommend on the construction of plays and playwriting? A.—"The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle," "The Technique of the Drama," both by William T. Price; "A Study of the Drama," by Brander Mathews, and "The Theory of the Theatre," by Clayton Hamilton.

M. C., Fairhill, Phila.—Q.—Have you published any portraits, or an account of the life, of Charles Balsar? A.—In our November, 1909, number appears a short sketch and portrait of Charles Balsar.

S. V., Charleston.—Q.—Please give me a cast of the characters in "The Widow's Might," in which Lillian Russell appeared. A.—Mortimer Wall, Fredrick Truesdell; Richard Wall, Joseph Tuohy; Hamilton Broad, Julius McVicker; Charles Hoffman; Morgan Wallace; Willard Hooper, Sydney Booth; Silas Grierson, John W. O'Hara; Henry William Puffer, Samuel J. Burton; Joseph Moran, Daniel Fitzgerald; John Bigelow, C. P. Dare; Hampton, T. Hayes Hunter; Mrs. Henry William Puffer, Susanne Westford; Maud, Jessie M. Richey; Sallie, Mona Mayo; Clara, Mabel Greet; The Girl at the Piano, Helen Ross; Mary Mapes, Margaret Maclyn, Beryl Quarrier, Ellen Mortimer; Mrs. Laura Curtis, Lillian Russell.

E. M. W., "Fern Hill," Conn.—Q.—Can you give me a brief sketch of the life of the late Lotta Faust? A.—Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., she made her stage debut in "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley" in 1897, and the year following became a member of "Jack and the Beanstalk," which was her first appearance in a musical play. She was next seen in "The Man and the Moon, Jr.," "The Casino Girl," "The Belle of Bohemia" and "My Lady."

Many metropolitan engagements followed, Miss Faust being by this time a great favorite. Her most recent rôles were in "Twiddle Twaddle," "The White Hen," "The Girl Behind the Counter" and "The Mimic World."

Anxious.—Q.—Is there any way to place a vaudeville sketch besides applying direct to the actor? A.—You might place your sketch in the hands of a play broker, or submit it to any of the vaudeville-producing managers.

M. Steele, Sardis, Miss.—Q.—Can you tell me something about Lenore Halstead? A.—During the few years she has been on the stage she has appeared with success in "The Return of Eve," "The Devil," "The House Next Door" and "Madame X."

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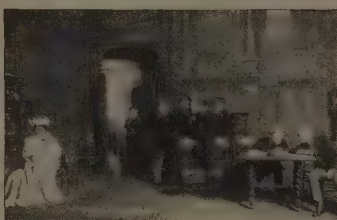
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ESTAB. 1899

At the Playhouses

(Continued from page 4)

Spike McCarthy, James C. Morton; Dan McCormick, Frank Moore; Jacques Frou Frou, Phil White; O. U. Kid, James Doyle; Baron De Cammenbert, Walter Pearson; Major Pierre De Saute, Lew Harkins; Francis Dubonnet, R. L. McAndrew; Francois Silvousplait, Jack Clendon; Mlle. De Baron, Marie Beaugarde; Baronne De Cammenbert, May Florine Linden; Rifi, Florence May; Jacqueline, Eleanor E'Stelle; Notsolnye, Gracia Hammond; Mlle. De Brie, May Emery; Mme. Moet, Catherine Holland; Mme. De So, Norta Aimes; Mme. De North, Ray Gilmore; Mme. De Monde, May Tomlinson; Mme. Pommeroy, Dorothy Benton.

The amateur dramatists and the wholly conventional actors who undertake to supply entertainment on the stage have a common meeting point on the other side of the world of living art, at the antipodes of good sense and human experience. The amateur must have extraordinary characters acting in circumstances that are wholly imaginary, invented by him as something new, otherwise his mind cannot work. The conventional actor is just as unreal, for his people never lived and could not exist except on the stage. Indeed, for the mechanical purposes in hand, it is not necessary that they be consistently human. That would spoil the trick. In "The Merry Whirl" (the title itself promising nothing more important than the revolving of a child's whirlingig), somebody (anybody) rubs a magic ring with the wish that the clock and the snowman to be seen just outside the window be granted life. A turbaned person appears suddenly, and with the accompaniment of thunder and lightning makes persons of these things. The clock wears its head most of the time, on occasion drawing the two hands down so as to form a moustache, which he strokes. The snowman has his moustache, or whatever it may be called, painted beneath the lower lip. The two comedians represent the stupidities of the vaudeville stage of twenty years ago. We have had enjoyable drolleries in something of this nature on the stage, but they were consistent, artistic and amusing. The Scarecrow in "The Wizard of Oz" was an inspiration, a kind of foolery that was not an offense but a joy. So-called musical comedy, such as may be seen in the United States and nowhere else, could not have established itself without very excellent qualities in the entertainers and in the entertainment provided. Inanity, stupidity and vulgarity must be foreign to them. A mere whirl of color and dancing will no longer do. Common sense, refinement and artistic discretion must have a part in the production. Now and then we encounter genius in some of these performers. Indeed, without these sporadic qualities in evidence this form of entertainment, if it can be called a form, could not sustain itself for a single season. It is a foe to stupidity, and that is something of a merit.

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NEW AMSTERDAM. "GIRLIES." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by George V. Hobart. Music and lyrics by Williams and Van Alstyne. Produced June 13 with this cast:

Oscar Speil, Joseph Cawthorn; Justin Wright, J. B. Holts; Gordon Doane, Jed. Prouty; Billy Murray, Ernest Truex; Harry Shelby, Harry Kernell; Bud Washington, Harry S. Fern; Seetim, Harry Breen; Blitzen, David Abrahams; Frank, Sid M. Ayres; Walter, Darl MacBoyle; Harold, Walter Clinton; Carl, J. W. Cody; Tom, Edwin Stone; Jim, Den Lowrie; Amos, Fred Emerson; Willie, Jack Henry; McGregor, Donald Gulland; Hank, Harry Breen; Getup, E. Bowers; Early, F. Walker; Plough, A. Crooker; Gloriana Gray, Maude Raymond; Marion See, Carrie E. Perkins; Bertha Day, Violet MacMillan; Jessie, Julia Mills; Gertie Wilson, Pauline Thorne; Susie Smith, Erminie Clark; Nora Gray, Edna Hunter; Bessie, Teddy Hudson; Dorothy, Dorothy Sayce; Maud, Emily Sweeney; Winnie, May Hennessey.

"Girlies" justifies itself in every way. Mr. George V. Hobart has distinguished himself above the ordinary librettist of summer shows. He is entitled to appear on Broadway with conscious pride among the perambulating authors who are recognizable by the goose step used by superior persons: he has provided a plot for "Girlies." It is not much of a plot, but it serves. A professor of botany in a co-educational school can become a hero in the eyes of the female principal of the institution if he wins a bet with certain hurrah-boys that he can wear a suit made of newspapers for twenty-four hours, and at the end of that time, without begging, borrowing or stealing, present himself "Rogers-Peeted." The intelligence and collaboration of his dog help him out, and a bet in the last moment by which he wins his trousers, round out the action. The dog is amusing and resourceful. Mr. David Abrahams is the dog. Mr. John Cawthorn is the professor of botany. Miss Maude Raymond is an investigator, a detective, and what she has not to do with the plot the dog has. A great many people, mainly

girls of a joyous disposition, have to do with the action. They are all represented as not more than twenty and all unmarried, which makes good summer reading, and is more or less true, and not wholly unimportant. The entertainment has the saving merit of never being stupid, but always animated and pleasing. Everything in it is of the best. Many of the scenes are simply variety acts, but they are seen apart from the abominable atmosphere of the vaudeville stage. The songs are capital, and when we are assured that "Life Is Just a Merry-Go-Round," no one can doubt the momentary truth of it when Mr. Cawthorn and fifty college boys get into action. Miss Raymond has an ethical song, very pretty, conveying a lesson in propriety of conduct, entitled "Who Were You With To-Night?" After some "Baby Talk" between the Ponies and the Male Students, there followed a Rube Specialty by Messrs. Bowers, Walter and Crooker; and finally there was the "Honolulu Rag," in which song most of the population of the piece engaged. The burlesques of "Seven Days," "Madame X" and "The Spend-thrift" were excellent by-products of fun-making. "Girlies" is an innocuous summer show with a title that is perhaps unnecessarily silly.

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Another Caruso-Scotti Duet—Enrico Caruso—Antonio Scotti—"Madama Butterfly," Puccini. Two English ballads by Farrar—*Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon*, Burns; *My Old Kentucky Home*, Foster; Jeanne Gerville-Réache. "Samson et Dalila"—*Printemps qui commence*, Saint-Saëns; John McCormack. *When Shadows Gather*, Marshall. "Lakmé"—*Vieni al contento profondo*, Delibes. The Great Carmen Death Scene—Hermine Kittel-Leo Slezak—"Carmen," *O Carmen, nur ein Wort!* Bizet. Mischa Elman, Violinist—*Les Farfadets*, Emilio Pente; *Serenade*, Schubert. Marcel Journet—"Mefistofele," Prologo, *Ave Signor!* Boito. A new Zerola record—*Andrea Chenier*, Giordano. John McCormack-G. Mario Sammarco—"Bohème"—*Ah Mimi, tu più non torni*, Puccini. The famous "Carmen" Quintette—Mmes. Lejeune, Duchêne, Dumesnil-Mm. Leroux, Gilbert—"Carmen," Bizet.

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Is "Sister Beatrice" Immoral?

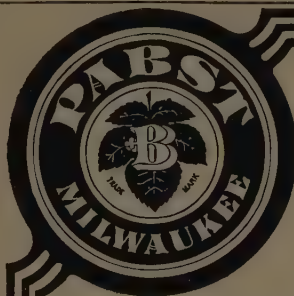
To the Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

A point has been ignored in the article entitled "An Immoral Miracle Play," published in the June THEATRE. Sister Beatrice is not to be regarded simply as a woman who sins, repents, and is forgiven. We meet her at the crisis of her life, when all her past beliefs have been shattered and she is in honest doubt whether the ideal of devotion and sacrifice to a human being is not higher than that of personal holiness. Her appeal to Mary for the Divine guidance and light in her darkness is sincere. She will stay, if Mary gives but a sign. Such an appeal Mary cannot disregard. She answers, but not by a sign which keeps her from evil as a child is directed. She allows her to go, to know all the experience of sin and suffering, until enlightened at last, she returns to meet forgiveness and to go into the life to come, purified from the sin, developed through the suffering into something infinitely nobler and finer than when as an innocent girl she knelt before the Virgin.

The deception practiced on the nuns is only outward. It is by the spirit behind the deeds, and not the deeds themselves, that the Divine judges. Whatever the acts of Sister Beatrice, and what comes to the broken-hearted, helpless girl, hardly more than a child, in the years following her desertion by Prince Bellidor, can hardly be imputed to her as sin in the subjective sense, behind the acts was the love and devotion of the soul and a faith in Mary which survived all the seemingly unanswered prayers. It is because Sister Beatrice was still in spirit deserving of all the trust and affection placed in her that the Virgin takes her place. It is not a screening of the guilty, but because the greater untruth would be in allowing the nuns' faith in her to be destroyed.

There is in it all somewhat of the Jesuit theory, "The end justifies the means." The old legends usually treated moral questions from standpoints wholly their own. The ethical question of whether spiritual development can grow out of sin, however ignorantly and innocently entered upon, is apart from the present discussion. That simply aims to show that such is the standpoint from which the action of the Virgin is to be interpreted, and that the keynote of Sister Beatrice's character is her faith and love and not her sin.

AGNES M. DICKSON.



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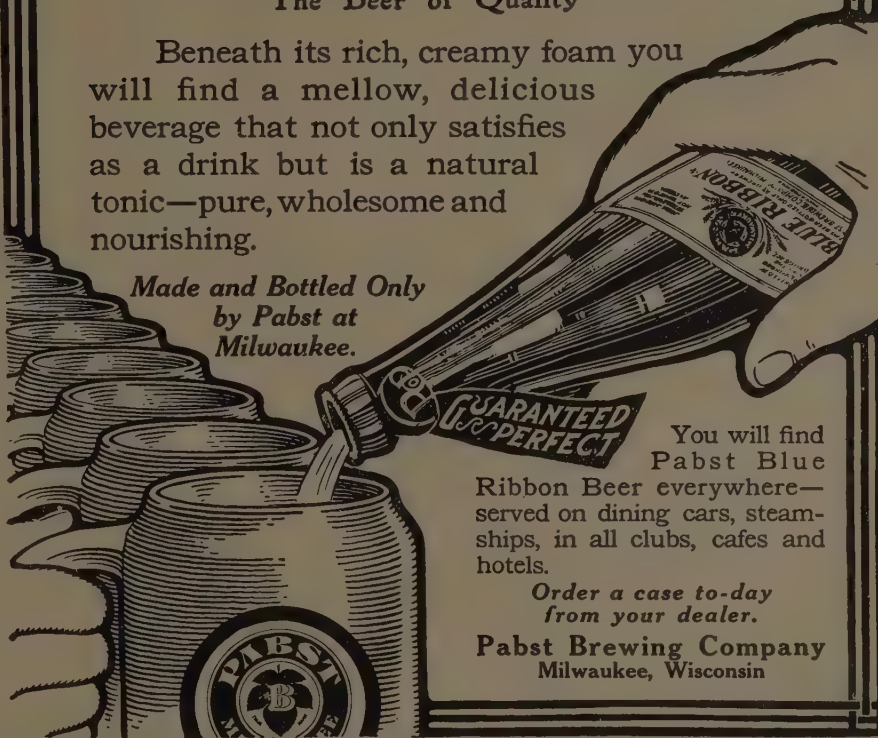
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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO., 8 to 14 West 38th Street, New York

Some New Books

THE THEORY OF THE THEATRE; AND OTHER PRINCIPLES OF CRITICISM. By Clayton Hamilton, New York; Henry Holt and Company, 1910. \$1.50.

Mr. Hamilton has written an entertaining and instructive book in "The Theory of the Theatre." He touches upon all the modern tendencies, and his observations apply particularly to productions of recent years. While the book is not formally scientific, but rather in the nature of essays supplied to the magazines, the classification of the subjects handled gives it considerable practical value to the student of the stage from both the technical and literary side. Mr. Hamilton discusses: What a Play Is; The Psychology of Theatre Audiences; The Actor and the Dramatist; Stage Conventions in Modern Times; Economy of Attention in Theatrical Performances; Emphasis in the Drama; The Modern Social Drama, and the Four Leading Types of Drama, Tragedy and Melodrama, Comedy and Farce. It forms a running commentary on plays of the day of a most readable quality. Mr. Hamilton falls into one very prevalent error that has secured a foothold in dramatic discussion within a very recent period. It is that, "After a certain philosophic critic had announced the startling thesis that only some thirty odd distinct dramatic situations were conceivable, Goethe and Schiller set themselves the task of tabulation, and ended by deciding that the largest conceivable number was less than twenty." This is wholly inexact and dangerously misleading. The paragraph from which all this misapprehension started is to be found, we believe, in Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe." It was simply a curious question raised as to the number of tragic situations to be found in the remnant of the Greek plays, the comparatively few by Sophocles, Euripides and Aeschylus. The inquiry is no more conclusive or profitable, or little more, than a tabulation of the comic situations in the farces of J. Maddison Morton and of Labiche. Undoubtedly a classification of the situations in the recorded drama may be made, but it is absurdly and obviously untrue that the complexities of modern life, or life at any period, for that matter, furnish only twenty situations. Mr. Hamilton, however, is entirely sound in his contention that it is not so much new material that the theatre demands, but a fresh and vital treatment of that which the playwright finds at hand. Mr. Hamilton discusses, in a pleasant and instructive way, many questions of interest to the student as well as to the general reader.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company, 1909.

Mr. Chesterton's introduction to the first edition of this book was brief, as follows: "Most people either say that they agree with Bernard Shaw or that they do not understand him. I am the only person who understands him, and I do not agree with him." These foolish and imitative words do not inspire confidence in Mr. Chesterton's sincerity. However, he writes well and does know his man. He attempts to analyze his character and to reconcile his theories to consistency. He divides his study into chapters devoted to The Irishman, The Puritan, The Progressive, The Critic, The Dramatist and The Philosopher. We refrain from criticising Mr. Chesterton's criticism of Mr. Shaw's innumerable criticisms of various kinds, or from giving any opinion of Mr. Chesterton's opinions of Mr. Shaw's opinions. Why multiply the travail of the world? The book is of interest to the insatiate reader. It contains much incidental information about Shaw that is authentic and in some details new. Interesting as the book may be it is inconclusive as an explanation of Shaw.

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Plays Current in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (June 15th): "A Matinée Idol," at the Lyric; "Girlies," at the New Amsterdam; "Her Husband's Wife," at the Garrick; "Seven Days," at the Astor; "The Arcadians," at the Knickerbocker; "The Barnyard Romeo," at the American Roof; "The Fortune Hunter," at the Gaiety; "The Merry Whirl," at the New York; "The Mikado," at the Casino; "The Spendthrift," at the Hudson; "The Summer Widowers," at the Broadway; "Tillie's Nightmare," at the Herald Square; "Zaza," at the Academy of Music.

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Gleanings Here and There in the By-paths of Fashion

HOW different is the silhouette of the fashionable woman from what it was a year, nay, even six months ago. The smart short-skirted costumes and tailored suits show most markedly the latest changes in shape.

For it is the skirt which has undergone the most radical change. While the short jacket is a decided innovation it still preserves to some extent the outlines of the long suit coat of the winter. But the skirt with its straight lines utterly without flare, and with as little fulness as is compatible with comfort in walking is the revelation of the season. Assuredly it takes an artist designer to construct one of these narrow skirts acceptably. Two yards and a half is now said to be the utmost limit of width for the new skirts, and often a two yard width is preferred.

It was at first thought that American women would not accept the narrow skirt, but tailors and dressmakers who in the beginning discountenanced it have been forced by the demands of their customers to turn their attention to its correct and clever construction. As is always the case when a new shape is introduced it has taken some weeks to produce styles that, while conforming to the decree of Dame Fashion, would also appeal to the good taste of many exacting women. The mode is certainly only for the slender woman, the woman with the advantageous figure as the French say, and when it is well executed is very attractive. But alas! we

shall doubtless ere many moons be treated to many caricatures of the mode, which will elicit no end of criticism hurled alike at the good, bad and indifferent examples of the style.

A French friend writes me that the straight line is so well-liked in Paris, and the simplicity of the tailored suits is such that the smart women have truly the air of an umbrella in its case. With such a suit when she goes forth for shopping or her daily promenade in the Bois, the fair Parisienne wears either the close-fitting turban which comes quite well down over her head, or else a smart Gainsborough or other moderately large hat.

The woman who wears a plaited skirt to-day has a decidedly old fashioned air, or perhaps out of the fashion would be the more correct phrase. One of the much favored ideas is to have the upper part of the skirt of some light material with a band of heavier material forming the lower portion. This is at the present time more to be noted in the costumes than the tailored suits, but it is an idea that can be excellently well adapted to the construction of the winter tailored suits. Cloth, velvet and corduroy will doubtless then be combined with crêpe, gauze and marquisette, so that when one is on the street it will look as though the entire costume was of one material, yet when the jacket is removed it will be found that the wearer is arrayed in a stylish costume of the lighter material adorned with trimmings of the more wintery fabric.

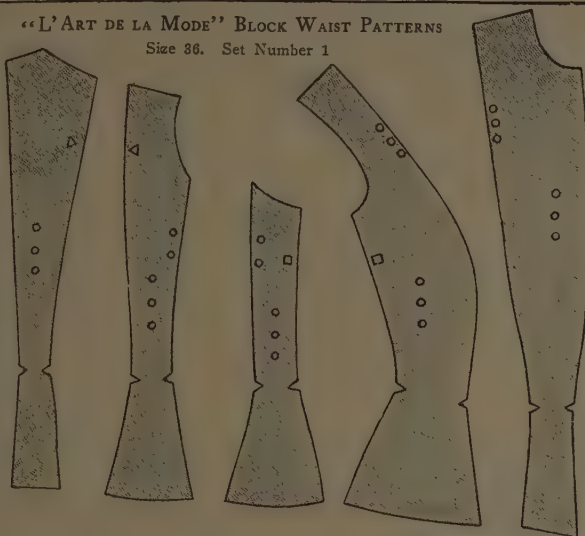


Photo Felix
Mlle. Dorgere, of the Theatre Réjane, in a handsome evening gown of corn-colored mousseline de soie with Egyptian embroideries in several tones of yellow, and the corsage partly veiled with dark blue mousseline. Made by Beer, Paris



Photo Felix
Mlle. Telyn, the pretty actress of the Bouffes Parisiens, in a pale rose gown with Chinese embroideries worked in a Jeoper shade. The novel design of the panel front is specially to be noted. Made by Drecoll, Paris

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Fig. 1. This shows a shirtwaist pattern, without trimming, tucks, etc. Fastens in back, but can be opened in front.

Fig. 2. Shirtwaist made from Fig. 1 pattern, tucked and trimmed. The sleeves can be short or long.

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By ADA PATTERSON

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Photo Manuel

Mlle. Trouhanouta, of the Opera, in a tailor suit of changeable blue silk, trimmed with machine stitchings and many buttons. Made by Green, 23 Rue de la Paix, Paris

A great many soft crêpe silks, with or without a satin lustre, are being used for the construction of the little costumes. Paris has issued the verdict that the short-skirted costume is suitable for all occasions, a decree which coincides admirably with the sentiment of the majority of American women. Of course, there are women who will cling to the long skirt for formal occasions, and their taste in this regard cannot be questioned, particularly if they are the possessors of carriages and automobiles. But to the majority of women who make only occasional use of these vehicles the fashionable short skirt

will come as a real boon. Some women, to be sure, are inclined to carry the vogue of the short skirt to its extreme, for instead of being content with a skirt which clears the ground by some two inches they go the limit and have it even three or four inches shorter than that.

The latter is rightly only the correct length for the young girl, and women who have passed their first youth are more than daring when they exploit such a short skirt, no matter how trim their ankles.



Photo Manuel

Summer hat of white tagal faced with mauve velvet, and the crown covered with lavender, white and pink hyacinths, which are veiled with mauve tulle, while at the side is a single red rose. A lovely symphony in color made by the Maison Crouzère, Paris

Women are using the long coats of rough cloth, silk and linen to cover up their finery when motoring even about town. There is a great deal of style about these motor coats, and a modish woman is as easily distinguishable by her motor apparel as by any other of her many toilettes. The coats are so built that they are readily put on and off, so that the costume worn beneath becomes of added importance. The day has long passed, or rather it never came, when the well-dressed woman would don any old dud as she was about to sally forth in her motor car.

With so many women motoring into town every day from their nearby country places the smart motor coats and natty shopping costumes have come more and more into evidence. One I saw the other day was clad in a black and white checked coat with bright



Photo Felix

Mme. Juliette Darcourt in a gown of gray mousseline de soie over a green foundation and embroidered with beads in the same shade and with satin ribbon rosettes and girdle. Made by Martial and Armand, Paris

red leather belt and collar facings. To this was added a large Gainsborough of red tagal straw, whose sole trimming was a beautiful black aigrette. This use of leather in brilliant colors accords well with the latest word from Paris where, while black patent leather is the most used, soft leather in national blue, suede, rose red and Empire green are used not only on motor coats and tailored suits, but even on cloth and tussor silk costumes. A blue serge costume made with short skirt has a tiny white lace guimpe with the collar edged at the top by a quarter of an inch band of red leather, and a little cravat bow of the leather from which depends two six-inch ends finished with tiny balls of the leather. The same finish was on the fancy lace cuffs which completed the full length



Photo Henry

Visiting costume of black charmeuse with draped corsage and skirt caught in by a band of black liberty figured with big spots in King's blue. The yoke and sleeves are of black Chantilly. The front tablier and collar are of embroidered lace over a transparent of King's blue. Made by Henry & Co., 34 Rue Taitbout, Paris



Photo Felix

A lovely gown for the races made of white mousseline de soie combined with bands of embroidered net. This marks the tendency towards pannier effects and fuller skirts that was one of the new ideas noted at the Grand Steeplechase. Made by Caet, Paris

sleeves. This was a princess gown, the bodice portion taking the form of a braided bolero jacket in front, while the skirt was a four-gored affair with a seam in the centre front. The braid around the bottom of the skirt consisted of a wide, flat braid, above which were innumerable rows of soutache, which formed deep points at the centre front, back and at each side.

Almost imperceptible lines of brilliant-colored, soft leather, combined with black satin or cloth and a bit of gold braid or cord, give charming effects for the ornamentation of either jackets or costumes. The new Persian trimmings have not yet reached the shops to any extent, and as Paris is making such a considerable use of them at the present moment, it is likely that we shall have an embarrassment of their richness in the early autumn. Let us hope that the idea will not be so cheapened that it will become common before it has had a chance to become fashionable in this country.

Persian effects in trimmings and materials are certainly very lovely when they are well carried out. A great deal of their style value lies in the artistic combination of these soft yet glowing colors. In combination with black, dark blue, or other sombre color the Persian materials, whether used in large or small quantity, are admirable, and suited quite as well to day as evening use when properly handled. For the woman who fears their liability to become common the changeable effects in soft silks and satins should

be substituted. This is particularly true as regards linings for the transparent fabrics, such as marquise and gauze.

The collarless bodice is the correct one for the costume. Unfortunately, in this country we are apt to run to extremes, and too often one sees the collarless waist worn with the tailored suit. Only young girls have adopted this style in Paris, and then there is always a flat white lace or lingerie collar laid over the jacket collar. But here one frequently sees the dark cloth coming in contact with the uncovered neck that is long past its first youth. Women who adopt this collarless fashion should certainly give as much care to the preservation of their necks as they do to their faces. The majority of necks one sees exposed upon the streets should certainly undergo some sort of bleaching, softening, not to say cleansing treatment, and they should be as carefully powdered as the face.

Fine laces are more fashionable than heavy ones. Chantilly and Alençon are the great favorites this spring, and are apt to be more generally used next fall than they are at the moment. The lace veil has come into its own again, and there are some excellent and becoming new meshes in veils that can be found at such a reasonable price as \$3, though, of course, the higher the price the better the quality and more elaborate the pattern. When rightly used there is nothing more charming than a floating lace veil in the



Photo Felix

A picturesque little motor bonnet with attached cape lined with satin. A recent creation of the well-known milliner, Carlier, Paris

summer time. It seems to add the finishing touch to the hat, and the coquettish air to the wearer.

The white, washable lace veil is a boon to the fair motorist, for with it she can always have a fresh veil handy, thereby doing much to keep her complexion in good condition. Too many women assist in ruining their complexions by wearing veils that are saturated with dust and dirt. A veil that cannot be washed or otherwise cleaned

should never be worn more than a week at the most.

Speaking of washing, it is really amusing how the really rich women adhere to the washable cotton crêpe waist, not only because it washes so admirably without the necessity of ironing, but

because they can do it themselves. Imagine being able to purchase a waist at fifty dollars, and then doing your own laundry work! Yet that is what I have heard several women say they do. From a good source I have the assurance that there are more high-priced cotton crêpe waists sold in proportion to those of moderate price; which only goes to show that rich women have their pet economies as well as some others.

Washable gloves

are certainly a great advantage in the summer time. For those who adhere to kid gloves the year around there are washable white glaze kid gloves to be found that in the two-button length sell for two dollars and a half, or perhaps it is a trifle over two dollars.



Photo Manuel

One of the new turban shapes of fine blue straw ornamented with a bunch of ostrich feathers in two tones of blue. Made by the Maison Crouzère, Paris



Photo Felix

The vogue of fine lace is excellently illustrated in this gown worn by Mlle. Lantelme, of the Vaudeville Theatre. The Chantilly lace is combined with fine net ornamented with embroidered bands. Made by Jeanno Lanoin, Paris



Photo Felix

The charming young actress, Mlle. Danjon in a gown of China blue silk voile over satin of the same tone with embroideries in several shades of blue and red. The use of heavy silk fringe is to be noted in this smart costume by Martial & Armand, Paris

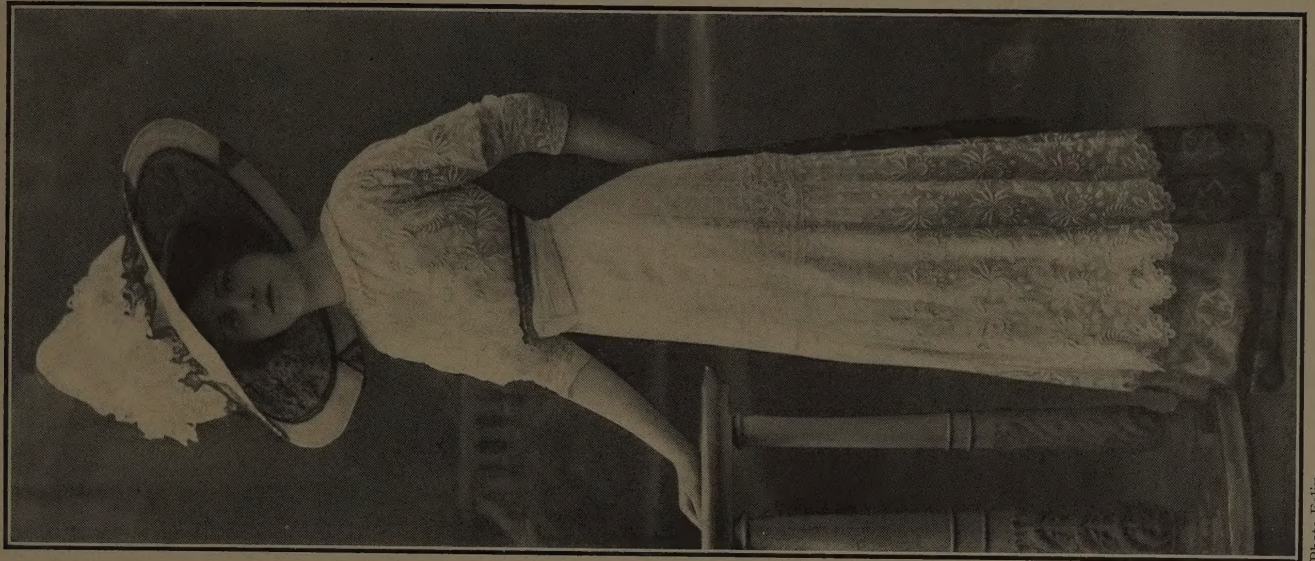


Photo Felix
A novel lingerie gown of embroidered net with a veiled bias band of Indian cachemire and girton of the same. Made by the renowned Bernard, Paris

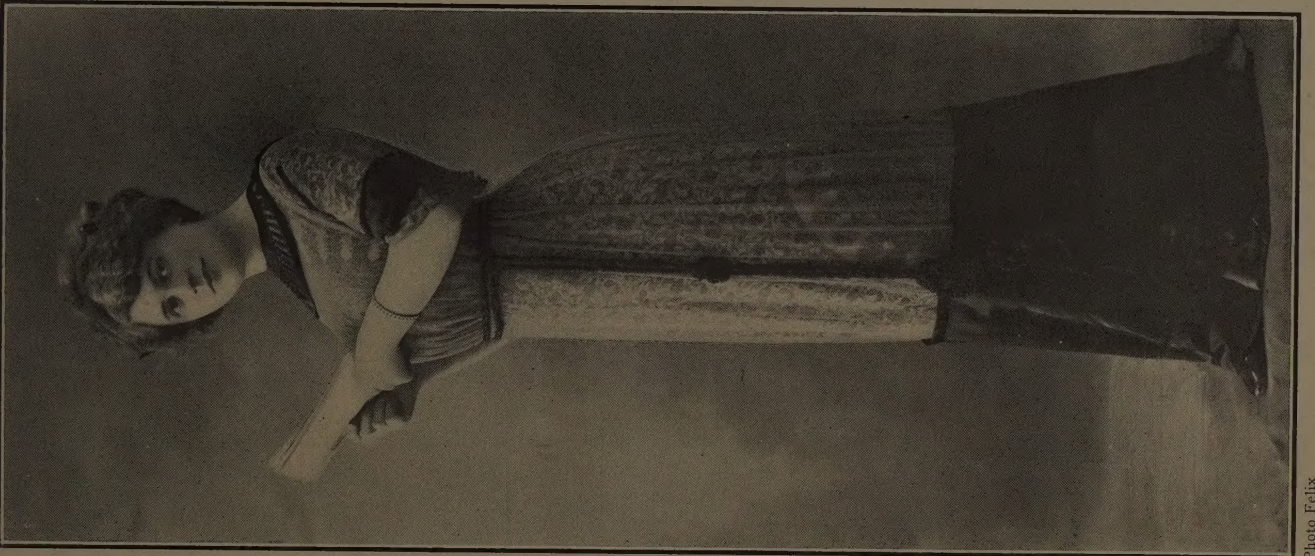


Photo Felix
A smart afternoon gown of blue net over a foundation of Indian voile. Flounce and sleeves are of black liberty satin while a black silk cord encircles the waist and falls over the flounce. Zimmermann, Paris

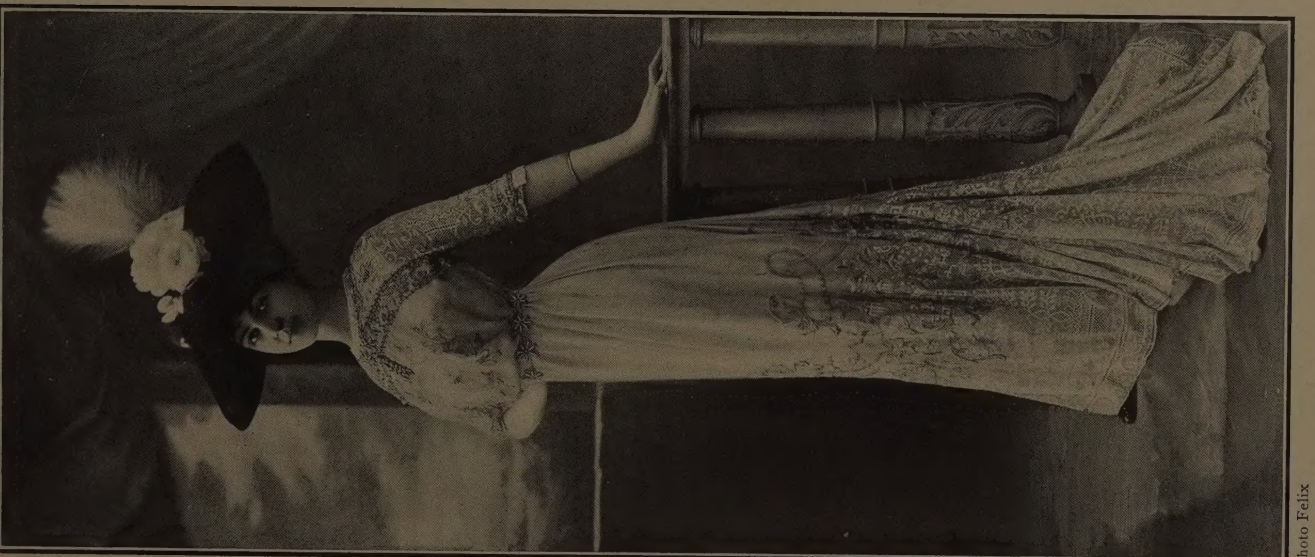


Photo Felix
A charming restaurant dinner gown of coral-colored voile nixon trimmed with fine flat lace and embroidered composed of silk and coral beads. Made by Laterrère, Paris



Photo Felix

The young Parisian journalist "Magda" in a hat of Italian straw ornamented with big yellow and blue poppies. Made by Eliane, 79 Rue des Petits Champs, Paris

There are some charming gowns in "A Matinée Idol." Louise Dresser, when she makes her entrance in a lovely lingerie gown topped by a simple leghorn hat, is a picture not soon to be forgotten. Heretofore, at least, one of her gowns was apt to be bizarre, but these are in excellent taste and admirably adapted to the wearer. The severely simple blue satin gown of the last act is an example of clever cut and arrangement of drapery. The chorus in one scene wears some stunning mob caps made of straw and lace with the plaited lace frill extending over the shoulders in the back.



Photo Felix

Mme. Andree Megard of the Theatre Antoine in a white straw hat faced with black velvet against which nestles a large American beauty rose. Creation of Heitz-Boyer, Paris

While there is nothing particularly novel in the gowns worn by the chorus, they are natty and show a choice of well arranged colors. The dancing frocks worn by a part of the chorus in a scene of Greek dances are particularly clever in cut, and well suited to their special purpose.



Miss Blanche Ring's automobile coat made by Grean Co., New York



Photo Felix

Mlle. Bignon, of the Nouveautes Theatre, in a lovely hat of shirred white lace trimmed with ciel blue velvet and a wreath of roses in natural colors. Made by Carlier, Paris

Facts Worth Knowing

Traveling and "living in trunks" have lost all their disagreeable features through the use of a new trunk. With this trunk packing becomes a pleasure instead of the long, laborious task it is with the ordinary trunk. For this new trunk is a case of a place for everything and everything in its place. Thus it is a veritable time as well as labor saving device. For there is no necessity to unpack once one has arrived at the destination, since the trunk combines all the advantages of bureau and wardrobe. There is room for a dozen frocks, cubby-holes for handkerchiefs, gloves, veils, and all the numerous accessories that go to make up the daintiness of a woman's toilette, and so conveniently arranged that they can be gotten out or put away at a moment's notice. Then there is ample space for two large hats, not to mention shirtwaists and the abundance of lingerie so essential to the traveler's comfort.

A preparation that is excellent for roughness, redness, sunburn and other irritations of the skin comes in liquid form. Its daily application makes the skin delightfully soft, and as it nourishes as well as softens the skin, its daily use obliterates many of the traces of time's avenging hand. The fluid should then be softly patted on the skin, and left there to dry. Another application should be made on arising. After it has thoroughly dried in the customary cold cream may be applied before the powder is dusted over the face. For those who are much exposed to the sun's rays during the heat of summer more frequent applications are advisable in order that the complexion should retain all its natural beauty.

Now that the open-air bathing season is on, women who enjoy that form of sport will be glad to hear of a bathing cap that is absolutely impervious to the water. The wearer of this silk cap will find it both jaunty and becoming, as there is a band of white lace about the edge and a smart little bow tied at one side of the front. The cap comes in five or six different colors, so that it can be had to match the color of the bathing suit, or in one that will contrast with it. The addition of a few curls sewed to the front of the cap will soften the outline of the forehead, and when it is removed the elaborate coiffure will be as immaculate as when the cap was adjusted.

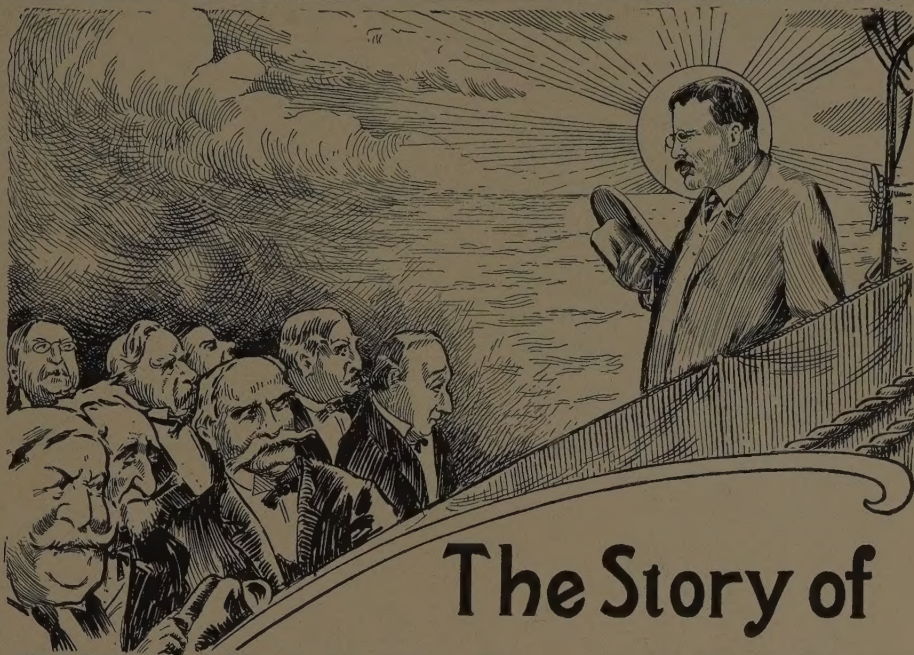
A good hair tonic is esteemed by every woman who aims to be well dressed. One that keeps the hair from turning gray is in the nature of a hair food. It gives a beautiful gloss and wonderful softness to the hair, and while it is not a dye its tonic powers are so recuperative that it will eventually restore gray hair to its original color. Its application is very simple, all that is required being a bit of sponge dampened with the tonic, which is then applied to the scalp, after which the scalp is well rubbed with the finger tips. The tonic should be used every other day until the color is restored, and then once a week is all that is necessary to keep it in excellent condition.

French women are strong believers in the preservation of their youthfulness. Contrary to popular opinion they are, as a rule, not believers in rouge and such like adventitious aids to beauty, but are rather given to the employment of skin tonics, some of which have been used by famous historical beauties. One of these is a water which has the special advantage of being both a preserver and a beautifier, for it wards off wrinkles, pimples and freckles, as well as makes them disappear.

The veritable Eau de Ninon is made from the receipt of the famous Ninon de Lenclos, who used it to preserve her beauty and youth. It beautifies the skin, prevents and effaces wrinkles, pimples and freckles. The Duvet de Ninon, the only powder used by the beautiful Ninon de Lenclos, gives to the skin a transparent whiteness; it comes in white, pink, natural and rachel, and can be found in Paris at the Parfumerie de Ninon, 31 rue du 4 Septembre.

P. S.—The Elixir des Benedictins du Mont Majella whitens the teeth, hardens the enamel, purifies the breath and mouth, imparting to them an agreeable freshness. Write to the manager, E. Senet, 35 rue du 4 Septembre.

We will gladly answer any inquiry, giving names of shops where these articles are shown or sold, providing a stamped envelope is enclosed.



The Story of THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By Alfred Henry Lewis

"Picks him up in his cradle *** his graduation from Harvard and *** Splash! *** into politics as a bold swimmer takes a header from some dock-head, the Roosevelt whom we know shall begin. Likewise the excitement.

"Politics is to Mr. Roosevelt what water is to a fish or air to birds. *** He has not only put other men in office—as Mr. Taft—but has himself been in succession Assemblyman *** and President. He has had his peep into every angle of government, and both Mr. Roosevelt and the world have come the better off for the peeping. ***

"There be folk, whose wishes doubtless are fathers to their thoughts, who believe that Mr. Roosevelt will succeed Mr. Taft as President of these United States. For myself I do not share their views. *** However, that is all another story and must be left for telling to 1912. Meanwhile, I shall take up the story of Mr. Roosevelt as it has already occurred—the story of the flesh-and-blood Roosevelt—the Human Life Roosevelt. ***

"His career should be a lesson to everyone—the boy, the youth, the man of middle age, the grand sire hobbling on two canes. All activity, Mr. Roosevelt has often shown that it is better to do the wrong thing than do nothing at all. *** He has followed off the wrong trail as often as any man. He has never been infallible.

He has proposed the wrong thing, supported the wrong thing. He has helped the wrong man, hated the wrong man. But he was always honest; and while his head took sometimes the left-hand turn, his heart never did. *** Knowing him to be honest, the people would never be parted from him. ***

"I have known him personally for wellnigh twenty years. *** I shall write of Mr. Roosevelt—write what I know and how I know it, what I think and why I think it. That should, I think, mark the proper line between us. To do more would be an invasion of his rights; to do less would be a surrender of my own."—
Alfred Henry Lewis.

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